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NEWS AND VIEWS

Washington, Nov. 17

The first three days of the annual bishops' conference here have not produced much hard news, so the press has had to make do with minor matters: the birth control statement, which was gaveled through by Cardinal Spellman without much discussion, and Friday abstinence, which the bishops have been debating all week.

The biggest story so far has been the election of Archbishop John F. Dearden of Detroit as president of the newly named National Conference of Catholic Bishops. In a run-off election, he defeated Philadelphia Archbishop John Krol by some 40 votes out of about 210 cast. Krol, a polished diplomat with strong personal connections in Rome, is usually thought of in terms of *Romanità*. His archdiocese is one of the most tightly run in the country. Dearden, once known as "Iron John" for the rigidity of his rule while bishop of Pittsburgh, has emerged as the focal point for bishops who are open to change. In Detroit, he has quietly pushed through a series of impressive reforms and shaped the Michigan Catholic Conference into the most progressive of the state conferences. "I don't know if you could call him a liberal," said one Washington analyst, "but he is a genuinely open man. The bishops are uncertain, but with Dearden they have chosen the future and not the past."

The reshuffling of the bureaucracy ought to make openness easier. The head of the conference is now elected, not chosen by seniority. The 10-man board of bishops has been expanded to 40, and although, as expected, it has a conservative cast, it also includes almost all the bishops who are suspected of harboring progressive leanings. In keeping with the new spirit, the American Cardinals all asked that their names not be considered for office—all, that is, except Cardinal McIntyre, who was not about to be named anyway.

In the past, the bishops' meetings have been cut-and-dried two-day affairs. Tradition and seniority worked against a younger bishop or auxiliary who thought he had a new idea to offer. The current five-day meeting is closed, and shrouded in much tighter secrecy than anyone could manage in Rome, but one bishop said he never dreamed six years ago that the annual conference would ever be so free and open.

Tidbits of news are parceled out at press conferences, featuring a panel of six or seven bishops. The conferences, set up under pressure from a large group of Catholic editors, were almost an early casualty. At first the board opposed conferences, then agreed to have them, but not to allow any representatives of the Catholic press. Bishop Tanner, the executive secretary of National Catholic Welfare Conference, proposed that Religious News Service and Robert Hoyt of the *National Catholic Reporter* be excluded. Cooler heads prevailed, one of the cooler belonging to Auxiliary Bishop Shannon of St. Paul-Minneapolis, and daily press conferences were opened to all.

The press conferences have not been productive, partly because Archbishop Hannan of New Orleans, who runs them, is unwilling to talk much about the tenor of debate, partly because not much news is actually being generated. One item after another is being brought up, discussed briefly, then referred to a committee that cannot report at least until next spring. On Wednesday, Bishop Malone of Youngstown told the press that it had reached the point where the bishops were breaking into a wave of laughter every time the word "committee" came up.

The conferences are a bit odd. The reporter from *Time* sent the panel into a flurry by asking a question about clerical celibacy. He was told the question had not been asked at the proper part of the conference. The proper time never was ound, and the question, like many others, went unanswered.

•

The birth control statement, which headlined all the Washington stories on the bishops' meeting for the first three days, has been the major embarrassment so far. On Monday Archbishop Hannan announced it had passed "unanimously." By Wednesday, when newsmen had heard other stories, he amended that to "without dissent." Actually, few bishops had seen it before the session at which it was passed quickly by a voice vote. There was dissent from the floor ("mostly on the timing of the statement," said Archbishop Hannan) but none in the voting because no time was allowed between the perfunctory call for "nays" and the declaration that it had passed unanimously. It was a last hurrah for the old board, which pushed it through before the new board came in to run the week-long meeting.

The meeting is apparently tightly structured. The bishops are working their way down a long list of topics which the Pope and the Vatican Council set forth as within the competence of national bishops' conferences. Topics which are not on the list—celibacy and birth control, for example—presumably are not being discussed at all. There are, however, occasional initiatives from the floor. A statement on war and peace was strongly urged by a small group of bishops, including Cardinal Shehan and Archbishop Hallinan, and is expected to be approved and released by Friday.

A good deal has been written about how crucial this meeting is to the implementation of the Vatican Council in America, but few practical decisions are now being reached. "Don't expect too much," Bishop Issenman of Cleveland said at the press panel. "If the Council took four years, don't expect us to do it all in a week." The bishops issued a press release saying that the norms of the Council "can neither be hoped nor expected to be fulfilled in the relatively short time of a year or two." In relation to the real problems of the American Church, most items on the bishops' current agenda must be considered minor, and even they will not be acted upon for perhaps another year—two years after the close of Vatican II. This meeting has a certain spirit of openness, but hardly one of urgency.

JOHN LEO

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CORRESPONDENCE

Virginia Woolf

Madison, Wisc.

To the Editors: Does Mr. Mellow, in his review of *Virginia Woolf and Her Works* (October 14), mean to assume that content determines literary quality? That Virginia Woolf's lack of "grit" leaves her "high and dry" implies either the obvious, that she's not popular with the audience which likes its dirt unrefined—or the dubious, that "high and dry" is somehow an inferior literary position.

Does Mr. Mellow assume that subtlety (soft-pedalling) traps a writer within "the securities of a marginal existence"? If this is not his implication, one wonders in what sense "marginal" applies to a writer dealing with some of the most central issues of our time: war; the conflict between conformity and community; insanity; the historical consciousness; political equality; the sources of unity and identity in man's relation with nature, with the dead, with other men in a world where systems and religious institutions and absolutes have gone the way of the rest of the flux; the destructiveness of imperialism, nationalism, and so on.

One also wonders: why the "excitement of ideas" has nothing to do with the "large unanswerable question like 'What is Life' " and why consequently the writer who deals with these questions is merely "lyrical and poignant"; why he assumes that Professor Guiguet concentrates on her writing simply for lack of biographical information; why proving Virginia Woolf is existentialist is beside the point; on what basis the Bloomsbury Group "now seems less an intellectual force . . ."; in terms of what conventions her work is "conventional"; what relevance her suicide has (aside from providing a catchy conclusion to his review) to her fiction; what he means by "a firmer grasp on life"; what he means by the "play of civilized emotions": love? hate? jealousy? fear? . . .

One last question: Don't Virginia Woolf and Professor Guiguet both deserve more responsible treatment than Mr. Mellow's? MARGARET BLANCHARD

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THE BISHOPS MEET

At their annual meeting in Washington, the Catholic bishops of the United States voted 3 to 1 to petition Rome for an all-English Mass, ended the Friday abstinence, discussed many national problems for the first time on a national level, issued a backward-looking statement on birth control, and took the first steps to restructure both the conference of bishops and its executive arm, the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

The latter was the most important step. In the post-council era, the unwieldy and largely voluntary association of bishops is being shaped into a viable instrument with powers adequate to national problems, on the one hand, and to the maturity of the American Church, on the other. In the past both local bishops and the Vatican have been reluctant to grant to the national conferences powers they ought to have. Within each country, it has often meant duplication of effort in various dioceses, and a piecemeal approach to large problems dictated by the felt need to protect the total independence of each bishop within his own particular territory. Centralization brings its problems, but so does over-fragmentation. In an age when more and more problems can only be dealt with adequately on a national level, stronger national conferences are necessary.

At this writing it is difficult to judge the first moves toward restructuring, or even to determine how many have been made. Though this has been the most publicized meeting of American bishops, detailed information on it has been sparse. Yet there are encouraging signs. The board of bishops has been quadrupled in size from 10 to 40, which ought to mean more discussion and a greater variety of views at meetings. The election of the President of the conference by the body of bishops replaces a system which merely turned over the chair to the oldest American cardinal. The election was free and open, genuinely contested, and offered a genuine choice between archbishops generally regarded as "conservative" and "progressive." The "progressive" won: Archbishop John J. Dearden of Detroit, who might not appreciate the easy label, but who is generally acknowledged to be the American bishop who has followed through best in the spirit of *aggiornamento* since the close of the Council.

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That "national thinking" is gradually replacing "diocesan thinking" is not open to doubt. Bishops from smaller and isolated dioceses are in far closer contact with national trends. The bigger dioceses are expressing a willingness to aid the smaller ones, both with manpower and money, in a way that one bishop said would have been unthinkable a few years ago.

Yet not many decisions have come out of the meeting. One subject after another has been relegated to a new committee. As many bishops suggested, this may merely indicate that 210 bishops cannot come to a series of hard decisions on long-standing problems in a week. But it may also reflect that the twelve months since the end of the Council have not been put to much use in forming any kind of consensus. The problems are such that this sort of leisurely pace will no longer serve.

Some of the particulars are puzzling. The end of the Friday abstinence, for instance, dominated much of the speculation about the meeting and will be regarded as a "liberal" step. Yet we cannot think of any liberal group that has been lobbying for such a change. Meatless Fridays have hardly been a major problem for anyone. Just why the change was pushed through in the absence of any urgency or lobbying in its behalf is a mystery. Yet we can see a symbolic value in the change, simply as an easily visible example of a willingness to adapt to changing conditions.

The birth control statement was poorly thought out and regressive. It was also disingenuous in purporting to be a simple expression of concern for the right of privacy, when the language and arguments made clear enough what the bishops declined to say directly: that they opposed birth control programs because they oppose birth control itself as immoral. Was it intended as a holding action—a way of launching a major attack on government birth control programs without stating in emphatic moral terms what the bishops may have to retract if the Pope changes his mind on the inherent immorality of contraception? At the very least the bishops are open to this charge. And a line or two about the right of individuals to contraception data if they want it—which would have made the statement more credible—was pointedly excluded. The general lack of thoughtfulness that marked the statement came out clearly in the press conference. The bishops charged that the government had not even replied to their letter on birth control programs, yet the bishops were unable to produce a copy of the letter, or even to remember to whom it had been sent. After the bishops attacked government programs in general for invading privacy, and after both HEW and OEO responded for the government by pointing to specific safeguards in the law to guard against such violations of privacy, Bishop Gallagher said in behalf of his fellow bishops that he was talking about dangers in implementing the programs, not the programs themselves. Secretary Gardner of HEW then told the press he had asked the National Catholic Welfare Conference to bring to his attention any specific examples of coercion (and had received no reply), whereupon Bishop Gallagher lamely replied that he didn't think the Church nationally should get into documentation of particulars. One would think a charge so serious ought to be documented.

In their statement, the bishops drew a picture of the government imposing its will on fearful and unprotected welfare recipients. Welfare recipients are abused often enough by welfare workers, but the picture here does not accord with reality. Surveys show that recipients want fewer children than non-recipients, but don't know how to prevent unwanted pregnancies.

If the birth control statement occupied the press for most of the week, it was in part due to the fact that much of the week was spent on purely internal affairs of small general interest: possible changes in diocesan boundaries, discussion (unspecified) of priestly formation and vocations; norms for soliciting of funds by religious orders within a diocese; and so forth. More substantive topics were brought up, but no information at all was given on the tenor of discussion. These included the possible reception of the Eucharist by non-Catholics, the restoration of the permanent diaconate, councils of priests and priest senates, norms for ecumenical activities.

If many of the topics seemed dry and remote, it was because the meeting was required by the Pope to cover a predetermined list of subjects within the competence of national conferences. There was neither much inclination, nor much time, to go beyond the juridic framework for the meeting.

The revamping of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, which will now be called the National Secretariat of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, is of wide interest. In general, it will be transformed from a service organization into the action arm of the bishops' conference. This will mean that the ambiguous status of many groups now housed at NCWC will have to be cleared up. The Catholic Association for International Peace, for instance, is not under the control of the bishops, nor should it be, but is often considered so because its office is in the NC building. Other groups, such as the National Conference of Catholic Men, are doing a good job in stirring independent lay action in a number of fields. It would be detrimental to all if the group is not cut loose from NC, and clearly acknowledged as a group with its own mission. There is some sympathy for this within the hierarchy, and it may come about.

Finally, apart from the successes or failures of this particular meeting, it should be said that the formation of national conferences of bishops around the world owes something to the enterprise of American Catholicism. When NCWC was formed two generations ago, it came under severe suspicion from Rome and was very nearly struck down. Now it may become the model of national organization of Catholicism around the world.

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THE BISHOPS' STATEMENT

BIRTH CONTROL AND COERCION

One of the major surprises of the recent meeting of the Catholic Bishops in Washington was that they chose to issue, at the very outset, a strong denunciation of the Johnson Administration's efforts in the area of family planning. "Far from merely seeking to provide information in response to requests from the needy," the Bishops charged, "government activities increasingly seek aggressively to persuade and even coerce the underprivileged to practice birth control." This trend, they argued in their statement, threatens "the free choice of spouses" to determine the size of their families and seriously endangers the "inviolability of the right of human privacy." In sum, "government far exceeds its proper role."

Needless to say, the Bishops' statement caught many unprepared, especially Administration officials. They should not have been so surprised, for the Bishops' statement only followed hard on the heels of an earlier and very similar statement by Bishop John Wright of Pittsburgh and a concerted campaign by the Catholic Bishops of Pennsylvania. I want to focus my remarks on family planning and government policy around Bishop Wright's earlier statement, especially since he has long been thought of in Catholic circles as a progressive. Thus, his position cannot easily be dismissed as intransigent conservatism, something many might be prone to do with the statement of the American Bishops as a whole.

In reaction to an announcement in Pittsburgh last May that the city would begin financing planned parenthood clinics, Bishop Wright said; "Directly moral considerations apart, the introduction of government power, policy and money into intimate family relations, especially those involving the expression of nuptial love and the sources of life, constitutes a clear peril to basic values, beginning with freedom." The Bishop went on to plead *for* government aid to help those already born to achieve personal autonomy and material well-being. Clearly, the Bishop is not opposed to government aid *per se*, but only government aid which may make effective contraceptive practices possible—on the ground that human freedom would be jeopardized in the process.

This is essentially the position taken by the Bishops in their Washington meeting, by spokesmen for the National Catholic Welfare Conference and by the Bishops of Pennsylvania in their more or less successful lobby against the recent Pennsylvania state government effort to institute broad-scale family planning aid in that state. Yet while NCWC has lobbied forcefully against government-sponsored family planning clinics, it has also forcefully argued for such government programs as aid to parochial schools. What is there about the one kind of aid which supposedly threatens human freedom, while the other aid is said to support and encourage freedom. In this important sense, the Bishops, Bishop Wright and NCWC are right: the basic issue is human freedom and how best to enhance it.

Human freedom consists in the ability to make choices. This means in the first place that there are a plurality of alternative choices available to an individual or group, and secondly, that the individual or group is aware of the choices and informed about their consequences. The ability to make choices is rather narrowly restricted by what sociologists call the socialization process, the process by which an individual becomes a predictable, role-playing, group-conforming creature. Freedom is not a given, it isn't just there; it depends on the acquisition of knowledge about events and possible events and their consequences. And, I should add, it depends on the creative action of the individual to do something with this knowledge.

A major point to be made here is that the poor, the downtrodden, the underprivileged have little or no freedom—they lack *money* which permits certain kinds of choices, especially material choices; and they lack knowledge, language, ideas which permit a whole series of choices with social consequences. Government-sponsored family planning clinics at home and abroad would provide them with knowledge and facilities, thus widening their range of choices, and as I see it, their freedom.

But the argument of those opposed to government-sponsored family planning goes deeper. *They* say that government action in this area is an invasion of the most sacred right of privacy, the privacy of the bedroom. Somehow, it is argued, government programs inevitably mean government coercion—and in this case, the end of bedroom freedom. The argument seems specious on several counts.

It is not, for one thing, self-evident that government aid to family planning clinics would be more coercive than government aid to foster social security, medicare, college and university aid programs, and certainly aid to parochial schools. Who would be coerced? The word "coercion" in this context means that people are being forced to act against their will by people representing the government. The sociological data, from studies in the United States and abroad, show that people in the "deprived" sectors of the society would be glad to accept birth control help if they could get it. I know of no study which shows the opposite.

Dr. Donald Bogue, one of the country's most respected demographers, reported on a 1959 study of low-income

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population in Chicago that, "The most important finding was that despite their actual high fertility, these groups said they wanted smaller families than do more well-to-do people . . ." He also reported that, "The incidence of unwanted and accidental pregnancy is very high among these low-income and low-education groups; nevertheless, they endorse the idea of family planning more strongly than does the general population." Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo, twice president of Colombia, said recently that, "Our population simply cannot be allowed to grow at the savage rate of the present (between two and one-half and three percent annually). . . . The humane, *Christian*, economic and political solution is birth control. And the sooner the better."

Freedom Welcomed

Thus, the evidence at hand shows that these people won't be coerced. They will welcome the chance to have some freedom in this matter. Most of them live now in the unfreedom of ignorance. There may be coercion, not in the law as such, but in its implementation! But this is an empirical question to be answered by experience, not accepted as an *a priori* assumption.

Another point in regard to this charge of invasion of privacy is more challenging. Actions of people may be said to be private (that is, of their own but no one else's concern) insofar as they have no further social consequences. There may have been a time in the history of this country when the begetting and rearing of children were private concerns of individual couples. *This is not the case today*. In our complex society the begetting of children can have great societal consequences. Family fertility patterns are inextricably bound up in the affairs of society. Hence, if there is evidence that the common good of all is threatened by large-scale unplanned, unwanted procreation in slum conditions, then the society is justified in acting to protect itself. The question then becomes one of asking what kind of action is necessary and desirable.

a) There is no argument against government aid on the ground that procreation is an absolute good that must be fostered at all costs;

b) There is substantial evidence that unplanned, unwanted procreation is detrimental to those born under such conditions, to the parents (at least the mother) and to the society which pays the cost of lives unfulfilled, or lived out in deviancy from accepted patterns. Perhaps the most persuasive evidence is found in the rising abortion rates throughout the world.

c) This point seems to be well understood by the Christian Democrats of Chile. They believe that in a pluralistic society the government should allow such programs for those who desire them. The Chilean women apparently desire them. The Christian Democrats of Chile appear to recognize population control as central to their aspirations for a better life for the Chilean people. The National Health Service is conducting an aggressive campaign against abortion, while permitting use of its facilities for birth control services. It was reported that some 120,000 IUD's were inserted during the past year.

There is an important additional point to be made; this involves the question of neutrality. Those opposing government action in family planning argue that the government should be neutral, that it has no business either promoting or discouraging family planning. I would disagree. The government is the agent *par excellence* of the people (i.e. society) by which they can promote their general welfare. In fact, given the size of the population involved, and the complex web of interrelationships which binds each to his fellows and makes it difficult if not impossible for any man or couple to be an island, the government should be concerned in this area of life.

Of course the dissemination of birth control information is not neutral. To ask people to consider an alternative to what they are doing is not a neutral request. It implies value judgments about the alternative(s) to be suggested. Nonetheless, the argument for governmental neutrality seems misplaced. Is the government neutral if it does not provide family planning help? Or is it being negligent in its responsibilities? I would argue that it is neglecting its responsibility when it ignores an urgent problem which no other agency of the society can cope with. We know empirically that 20-30 million Americans live deprived lives, and that the conditions of life elsewhere in the world are as bad or worse for more than one billion people. Because this problem touches on sexuality, should the government thereby be neutral? Can it be? Why is this area more sacred than the starving, educationally-deprived conditions of these people?

The opponents argue that this analogy is weak because birth control involves "The divinely conferred human personality, the mind of a person, the soul of a person, as well as the myriad strands of that person's relationship to other persons and to God." And these are no business of government, so they say. My response would be that God gives each person the potential of a mind and a personality, but that these potentials become human reality only when man interacts with his fellow man. Man is above all else social and he has created a social organization called the government, to help promote his well-being.

The position taken by Father Dexter Hanley, S.J., of the Georgetown Law School, in Testimony before the Gruening Committee in August, 1965, seems to provide a sound basis for government policy in this area, to wit:

"1) In a legitimate concern over public health, education and poverty, the government may properly establish programs which permit citizens to exercise a free choice in matters of responsible parenthood in accordance with their moral standards. 2) In such programs, the government may properly give information and assistance concerning medically accepted forms of family planning, so

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long as human life and personal rights are safeguarded and no coercion or pressure is exerted against individual moral choice. 3) In such programs, the government should not imply a preference for any particular method of family planning. 4) While norms of private morality may have special dimensions so affecting the common good as to justify opposition to public programs, private moral judgments regarding methods of family planning do not provide a basis for opposition to government programs. 5) Although the use of public funds for purposes of family planning is not objectionable in principle, the manner in which such a program is implemented may pose issues requiring separate consideration."

Here it seems clear in the present case that a vast majority of Americans approve of federal aid for family planning clinics—65 percent according to the Gallup Poll of October, 1965. Furthermore, 59 percent of American Catholics in this poll also approved of such aid. A majority also approved of using federal funds to support birth control programs abroad.

Indications are that the federal government is taking the cue that it has the support of the majority of the American population and is going ahead with the development of birth control programs both at home and abroad. Up to the present, the major focus of most activity, especially through the Children's Bureau and the National Institutes of Health, has been on basic research, with a large proportion of some 7 million dollars in fiscal 1967 geared to research related to fertility reproductive physiology and studies of motivations and attitudes of potential clients toward family planning services. Probably the most important government source of aid for family planning services is coming through the Offices of Economic Opportunity. It has been estimated that some fifty projects had been funded through OEO to provide family planning information and service to indigent women. It also appears clear that Title XIX of the Social Security Amendment Act of 1965 will become an important source of federal aid through state grants-in-aid in the years ahead.

Thus, it would appear that even without such legislation as proposed in S1676 (the Gruening Bill to establish an Office of Population Affairs within HEW) and S2993 (The Tydings Bill to provide direct grants for family planning services), the government has available legislation which permits a major confrontation with the problem, at least at home.

There are, perhaps a minimum of five million medically indigent, fertile women in the United States who are in need of or could make use of family planning services. In the year 1965, some 300,000 received help through public facilities; some 200,000 received service through Planned Parenthood Centers. Some four and one-half million remained unserved. Figured at the average cost of $20.00 per year per woman, family planning services for this population would come to some ninety million dollars annually.

The current budget for health and medical services at all government levels is approximately nine billion dollars. Obviously, family planning service for that segment of the population not able to afford it on its own, does not appear to be an onerous additional burden in itself. It seems well within our ability to foster the opportunity for a "good life" for the children of poverty in this country, and the government has made a firm commitment in this direction.

The scene at the international level is much more complicated, but is not without hope. Most of the world's governments are now seeking help. At present, we can be most effective by providing the technical assistance that is needed just to develop policies and programs. As our commitments abroad through AID and other programs increase, we will have to expand considerably a wide range of professional skills, in obstetrics and gynecology, demography and sociology and in agricultural and industrial technology. We can only hope to help others as they become aware of and perceive a need for help. The situation in Latin America, for example, seems to be changing rapidly. As a result, we have been able to develop demographic institutes there, to get the basic information that is needed before any effective proposals can even be considered. In this effort, private foundations such as Ford, and organizations like International Planned Parenthood can help, but increasingly, the government has come to be recognized as the agent of society most capable of and responsible for confronting this problem.

W. V. D'ANTONIO

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE VIETNAM ELECTION

The election confirmed the worst fears of the Democrats. Instead of losing 20 to 30 seats in the House, which could have been discounted as routine attrition in a mid-term election, they lost nearly 50 seats.

Although their net loss in the Senate was only three seats, this, too, was more severe than the usual ebb and flow of political tides would have produced. Normally, the big, hotly-contested elections break evenly. But this time the Democrats lost every one—Brooke over Peabody in Massachusetts, Griffin over Williams in Michigan, Percy

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over Douglas in Illinois, and Hatfield over Duncan in Oregon. In short, this was a decisive election of the kind that occurs roughly once in a decade. Like the Republican sweeps of 1938 and 1946 and the Democratic landslide of 1958, it is an election that will markedly alter the course of Congress for the next two years.

The uneasiness and dissatisfaction over the Vietnam War probably constitute the basic reason for the nationwide Democratic defeat. History readily shows that a war is always a political misfortune for the incumbent administration: Lincoln nearly lost the Congress in 1862, Roosevelt nearly lost it in 1942, and Truman in 1950, and Wilson did lose it in 1918. Wars generate opposition, resentment, and guilt even when they are relatively popular and going well; when they are less popular and less visibly successful—as Vietnam is—the political effects are even more adverse. As usual, the war itself was not the subject of an effective national referendum; neither the hawks nor the doves can claim a clearcut victory. But side effects such as higher prices hurt the Democrats.

Next to the war, the white backlash was the most important influence. The Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King may have elected Republican Charles Percy over Paul Douglas by his "open occupancy" marches in and around Chicago last summer. Thousands of Democrats defected because they regarded Douglas as too sympathetic to Negroes.

In Michigan, a week before the election, a top Democrat accurately predicted to me in private the small but consistent drop in Democratic strength in Detroit and its lower-middle-income suburbs that cost "Soapy" Williams a seat in the Senate. "Our polls show about 8 percent of those who have voted for Williams in the past are cutting him this time. Most of them appear to be Catholics. They are mad at Archbishop Dearden for what he's done on behalf of the Negroes in recent years, and since they can't vote against the Bishop, they're voting against us as the next likeliest target."

As for Stokely Carmichael and his "black power" slogan, many Democrats believe he was worth ten or twenty House seats to the G.O.P.

The Republicans are not likely to make any wise political use of their opportunities. In the Senate, Everett McKinley Dirksen will remain the unique political institution that he is, and by demagoguery, showmanship, and infinite flexibility will overshadow everyone else. In the House, Representative Gerald Ford of Michigan, the minority floor leader, has already demonstrated in the past two years that he is no marked improvement on Charles Halleck or Joe Martin, his predecessors. The dreary negativism on almost every issue can be expected to continue.

The shrewder Republican approach would be to cooperate with the Johnson Administration on most issues, thereby acquiring a more positive reputation and making a switch to a Republican Administration in 1968 seem a comparatively mild change. For a generation now, Republican presidential candidates (except for Goldwater) have run ahead of their congressional candidates. This suggests that independents and marginal Democrats can be persuaded much more easily to vote for an attractive individual Republican, such as George Romney or Mark Hatfield, than they can for the Republican party as such. The opposition party always has the problem of looking like a credible, viable alternative government. Because of their bleak, reactionary record in Congress, the Republicans have for a long time failed to look like a believable alternative. Since 1932, they have won only when they had the sunny visage of Dwight Eisenhower to distract attention from the party and win the support of what he used to call "discerning Democrats."

The Republicans in Congress in 1967-68 can be counted upon to be on record against the poverty program, against doing anything specific for Negroes, against spending money to help the cities, and perhaps even against higher Social Security pensions. If their record on environmental issues such as highway beautification or air pollution is more constructive, it will be a surprise.

The G.O.P. crop of presidential possibilities is also less impressive than it first appears. Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller is easily the party's best qualified man for the presidency; no one else can remotely approach his experience as Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America in the Roosevelt Administration, adviser on Point Four in the Truman Administration, and Undersecretary of Health, Education, and Welfare under Eisenhower as well as eight years as governor of a major state. But Rockefeller's divorce and re-marriage, his past defeats, and his accumulated enemies virtually rule him out as a candidate. The aspiration to occupy the White House is a dream that once kindled never quite dies, but Rockefeller, as a realist, know that his chances are minimal.

Former Vice-President Richard Nixon can never live down his well-earned reputation as a relentless partisan. He is now the candidate of the party's conservatives, but he does not arouse their deep-felt enthusiasm. He is a serviceable but expendable figure.

Governor-elect Ronald Reagan of California seems implausible even as a governor. His intellectual emptiness would prove fatal in the long quest for the presidential nomination.

There remain only Governor George W. Romney of Michigan and as back-up candidates in case he falters, Senators-elect Percy and Hatfield. Romney has no experience in foreign affairs which may hurt him badly when voters come to make a final choice in November, 1968, but he is a formidable campaigner. Unless Nixon can cut him down in the primaries, Romney seems the almost certain nominee. If he were teamed with a younger, more liberal running-mate such as New York Mayor John V. Lindsay, the Republicans could conceivably overcome all handicaps, even their own record on Capitol Hill

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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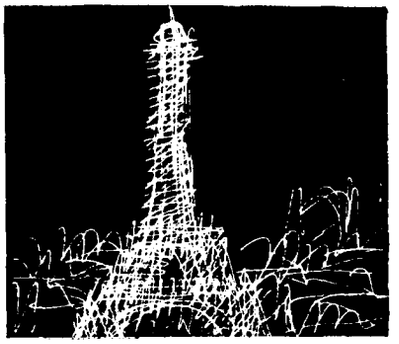
A HERO OF OUR TIME

Péguy was not a great writer but a great man

MARTIN TURNELL



Although Charles Péguy has become one of France's national heroes, he is not widely known or read outside his native country. For this there are several reasons. He was a man with a mission and that mission was intimately related to the religious and political situation in France during the twenty years preceding the First World War. He made his reputation as a pamphleteer and a substantial amount of the work in the collected edition of his writings was originally published in his periodical, the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine,* in the course of controversies like the Dreyfus Case and the attacks on the Church in France at the beginning of the century.

French writers are fond of comparing the *Cahiers* and the *Provincial Letters*. It is doubtful whether they perform a service for their author in doing so. Péguy was not in the same class as Pascal as a prose writer and nothing dates more quickly than religious or political controversy. While Péguy's political writings not only contain, but ram home a number of perennial truths, it cannot be pretended that they are either light or easy reading and unless taken in small doses their repetitiveness is likely to prove decidedly wearisome to the reader.

Péguy was a poet as well as a pamphleteer. His poetry, all written in the space of fifteen years, fills nearly fifteen hundred pages in the Pléiade edition. In 1898 he published a long poem in dramatic form on Joan of Arc. He had a lifelong devotion to her and in the poem the process of identification went very far. He saw parallels between the France of her time and his, between her mission and his, and he undoubtedly used her as a vehicle for the projection of his own inner conflicts. He revised the poem after his return to Catholicism in 1907 and it reappeared in three parts: *The Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc, The Porch of the Mystery of the Second Virtue* and *The Mystery of the Holy Innocents.* Revision transformed the poem into a vast meditation on the three supernatural virtues.

The Joan of Arc cycle was written partly in prose poetry and partly in a very personal form of free verse which recalls the *versets* or versicles of Claudel. It was followed by *Eve,* another vast meditation on the world in the light of Christian teaching, which was written in regular rhyming verse running to well over seven thousand lines. While one cannot help being impressed by Péguy's fertility and his industry, the poetry suffers from the same repetitiveness as the prose and the prospect of reading through the whole of any of these epics is a daunting one.

The Man and His Work

In spite of these difficulties, Péguy has not been altogether neglected by English writers on French literature. Three studies by Englishmen were published between 1946 and 1957 as well as translations of *The Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc, The Mystery of the Holy Innocents* and selections from the prose works. Mrs. Marjorie Villiers's admirable biography (*Charles Péguy: A Study in Integrity,* Harper & Row. 1966, $6.50) is much fuller than any of the earlier English biographies and one of the most attractive studies of the man and his work in any language.

Péguy was born in 1873 and was killed at the Battle of the Marne in September 1914. He lost his father, a carpenter whose health had been ruined by service in the

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army during the Franco-Prussian War, when he was only ten months old, and was brought up by his mother and maternal grandmother.

His mother, who came of thrifty, industrious peasant stock, worked sixteen hours a day, mainly caning chairs, to keep her child and herself. Her thrift was rewarded. She eventually became a property owner in a small way while her son's literary ventures were rapidly engulfing the fortune of his wife's family. But though she was much more successful in business than her son, she never let up. When she died at the age of eighty-six, a partially repaired chair seat on which she had been working until a hours before her death was found in her bedroom.

Péguy was destined for an academic career which was the surest way of rising in the world of France. Scholarships carried him from his primary school to the Lycée of Orleans—Joan of Arc's city—then to the Lycée Lakanal in Paris, and lastly to the famous Ecole Normale Supérieure. Fortunately or unfortunately, an early marriage followed by failure at the *agrégation*—the final competitive examination for those who wish to enjoy an academic career of distinction in France—put an end to these ambitions. In 1898, the year after his marriage, he acquired a small bookshop in the Latin Quarter and set up as a publisher-bookseller. The *Cahiers de la Quinzaine* were founded in 1900 and in spite of endless financial vicissitudes continued publication until the war.

Mystique and Politique

Mrs. Villiers rightly calls her biography a "study in integrity." Péguy lived at a time when public life in France had reached a singularly low ebb. It was the period of the Dreyfus Case, the Combes laws against the Church, the banishment of religious orders and every kind of political chicanery. One of the fundamental tenets of Péguy's thought became the distinction between *mystique* and *politique*.

"By *mystique*," writes Mrs. Villiers, "he meant an unqualified and disinterested adherence to spiritual values, more specifically to those obviously related to the natural law which, even during his professedly atheist period, he regarded as moral absolutes.

"By *politique* he meant the sacrifice of these absolutes to *les raisons d'état* (reasons of state), the compromises made to secure power or maintain it by an individual, a class, a party, an institution, in their own interests or even in those of the nation itself, if these were seen outside the context of the interests of humanity."

For Péguy the disease which infected all sections of public life, the adherents of all creeds and all parties was the widespread degeneration of *mystique* into *politique*, the continual sacrifice of absolute values to expediency.

"Before other obligations or interests," he wrote in one of the earliest of the *Cahiers*, "I place an obligation which is constant and to which there are no exceptions. It is one which cannot wax or wane because it is a total obligation . . . to tell the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth, to tell the stupid truth stupidly, the boring truth boringly, the sad truth sadly . . ."

What he says here and the manner of saying it are both typical. It is not surprising that the career of a man who stuck so tenaciously to principles and declared them so unflinchingly was a stormy one, or that he was embroiled at one time or another with the members of all parties and creeds, or that there were violent collisions with some of his friends.

Péguy was and remained all his life a socialist though the color of his socialism changed after his return to Catholicism. His business as publisher-bookseller was more than a business: it was a crusade. He formed what was in fact a socialist cell where he was surrounded by a small body of devoted followers.

It was not long before he came into conflict with the socialist hierarchy and was roundly criticizing official party policy. His insistence on the obligation "to tell the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth" was a total rejection of a recent edict of the National Congress of the Socialist Party that "the press will refrain from all communications which might damage the organization." The *Cahiers* were intended to provide information and criticism unslanted by party prejudices. Nothing was to be suppressed. For, said Péguy, "the man who doesn't bawl out the truth when he knows the truth becomes an accomplice of liars and frauds."

In Péguy's world there were no venial sins:

"A single injustice, a single crime, a single illegal action, especially if it is officially condoned . . . suffices to make a breach in the social body and in the social contract—a single dishonorable action is sufficient to dishonor the nation."

Although he was an atheist at the time of the campaign against the Church which culminated in 1905 in the dis-establishment of the Church in France, he was prominent in attacking anti-clericalism as an offense against natural justice and in expressing the inadequacy of the alternatives offered:

"Anti-clericalism and political anti-Catholicism," he said, "subordinate the moral end to political ends and treat moral beings as political means and not as moral ends. Perjury and treachery can do nothing against Christian and specifically against Catholic morality . . . To this eternal, to this infinite Christian idea, and especially to the Catholic conception of eternal salvation only one concept can be opposed . . . the socialists' economic conception of temporal salvation . . .

"All that most anti-clericalism has to offer is servitude renamed liberty . . . and this is a fraud. The reactionaries of the left are no less ferociously reactionary than the reactionaries of the right; a reactionary bourgeois government of the left does as much shooting as a reactionary bourgeois government of the right, and if there

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is any difference this is attributable to vote-catching . . ."

Of the closing of Catholic schools run by monks and of the Protestant missionary schools he had this to say:

". . . the state prefers to push children into the street, rather than leave them in privately-run schools, it suppresses even where it does not replace; this is Jaurèsian government: this is a nice monopoly for you, the monopoly of education, run by the state. When the state can neither give nor sell, it strictly forbids individuals to give or sell; this is the aim of monopoly and this is good secularization."

This onslaught could only intensify the conflict with the socialist leaders. It led to a breach with Jaurès who did not perhaps deserve all that Péguy said about his policies. Jaurès called him an "undisciplined anarchist." He replied, devastatingly, by speaking of that politician's "immense power of capitulation."

Péguy had been brought up as a Catholic. His faith had even survived education at a lycée though the campaign against religious education was already under way. He is thought to have lost it during his year's military service when he was twenty-one. The reasons he gave for his defection are not unfamiliar. It was the difficulty of reconciling the existence of God with the existence of Hell. "For Christianity," he said, "to be able to accept, side by side, a Church Triumphant and a Hell, a vision of beatitude and a house of death . . . there must be in the roots of Christian feeling some monstrous partnership, some hideous partnership with death and disease."

Some writers have found it difficult to believe that a man who in his public campaigns was so consistently on the side of the angels and who even in his supposedly atheist period seemed to see all problems in moral terms can ever really have been an atheist. "Later," wrote one of them, "I realized that Péguy had always been a believer. An odd sort of believer, in whom the learning of the Republic's new primary school and the old peasant faith lived side by side without fusing . . . Péguy's spiritual development was like the development of his eloquence, a return to the point of departure, a return from which he recovered his *élan,* a point to which he went back to regain energy and from which he returned without having gained much except the experience of a good deal of pain."

In his heart of hearts and unknown to himself Péguy may indeed have remained a believer, but it did not lessen the pain or the difficulties of the return to the point of departure. He was adamant in his refusal to admit the return was "conversion." There had, he said, been no change of direction. There had simply been an *approfondissement* or deepening. He had suddenly realized where his chosen path was leading and what he must do. The return did not in itself cause pain or difficulty. Although Péguy was far from being an admirer of Claudel's, he possessed the same granite-like faith. Once he had declared himself a Catholic, he was not afflicted by the fashionable doubts that some French convert writers are fond of retailing and analyzing at inordinate length in private diaries so obviously written for ultimate publication. His difficulties were of a different nature.

He had not merely been officially and almost professionally an unbeliever; he had married into a violently anti-Catholic family and shocked his mother by agreeing to the conditions imposed by his wife's family: that the marriage should be a civil one and that none of the children should be baptized. His return to the Church was regarded by the family as a major disaster. His wife refused to have the marriage blessed or the children baptized. Maritain, who at that time was a recent convert, went to the Péguys' home at Lozère and tried to put matters right, but only succeeded in making them much worse.

There was another complication. We know virtually nothing of Péguy's courtship and marriage, but there is no evidence that he was carried away by an overwhelming passion. It has even been suggested that he was not in love with Charlotte Baudouin, but had behaved like many peasants and people of peasant stock in making what appeared from every point of view to be a suitable match. About the time of his return to the Church he formed an attachment for a girl who belonged to his circle and who is known to us only as "l'Innominata" (the unnamed). It began as a romantic friendship and developed into what Maritain's mother described as a "hurricane." Mrs. Villiers suggests tactfully that if consulted the Church might have offered a solution. It is evident that as a baptized Catholic who had married outside the Church Péguy's marriage was by canon law null and void. When the suggestion was put to Péguy's Catholic mother she was horrified. "My son," she said, "is a married man. And that's that."

Péguy himself was too generous to take advantage of the loophole, particularly as his publishing activities were responsible for the ruin of his wife's family. A few months later the girl married an eligible young man, probably with Péguy's encouragement. The tumult subsided to some extent though he remained deeply attached to her. His wife's refusal to have the marriage blessed meant that he was cut off from the sacraments. He spent long hours in prayer at Chartres Cathedral and in other churches, but refused to go to mass. It would, he declared, have made him sick to hear mass without being able to go to the sacraments. It seems that the only occasion on which he went to mass was in the army shortly before his death.

His was a simple Catholicism. "It is very important not to rig me out as a Father of the Church," he told a friend. "It's already quite a bit to be a son." When one of his sons was seriously ill he made the first of his pilgrimages to Chartres on foot, walking twenty miles a day. He spoke eloquently of the exceptional graces he had been granted. His decency and uprightness in refusing to

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abandon his family bore fruit. Soon after his death they all became Catholics.

In a brilliant monograph published in 1956, Alexander Dru argues that Péguy was neither a pamphleteer who wrote poetry nor a poet who wrote pamphlets. He thinks that he was essentially a poet who can only be understood in the light of his poetic vision of the world which gives unity to all his writings. I find this view somewhat difficult to accept.

The most striking characteristic of his style—the prose as well as the poetry—is the repetitions which have been minutely scrutinized by his critics. For the late Leo Spitzer they were a stylistic device which nevertheless revealed a tragic conflict between a "naïve mysticism and an academic-schoolmasterly intellectualism." Gide thought that they were an organic element in his style and compared the poetic works to "litanies."

My own feeling is that the repetitions stem from an inborn peasant prolixity, but that they were adapted to Péguy's particular purposes. These purposes were various. In the pamphlets, repetition was used to hammer home simple but profound truths, to castigate opponents, or merely to amuse by a Rabelaisian juggling with words. In the poetry, they do have the hypnotic effect of a "litany" or a primitive religious "chant." In the end they succeed in imposing Péguy's view of the world on the reader, but I cannot help suspecting that this highly personal form of hypnosis replaced the insight, the *direct* vision. offered by truly great poets.

Péguy's poetry was little appreciated in his lifetime. His closest associates found it perplexing and he did not come into his own until the Second World War when he was posthumously elevated to the status of national hero. There is an obvious rightness about this attitude. Péguy cannot be judged in purely literary terms. He is not for me what is ordinarily understood by a great writer, but I have no doubt that he was a great man. He was a powerful personality. He had grasped certain "basic verities" and was determined to put them across to the public. He succeeded in spite of the faultiness of his instrument because of the man he was.

The state of the world was not exactly brilliant in Péguy's day: it has unquestionably become far worse in the fifty years since his death. It is because his courage and his integrity were absolute that he remains an example and an inspiration to us all. His career is a fitting comment on the weakness and vacillation of most of our leaders, and on the shame-machinations of the politicians in all countries. That is why he is a hero of our time even if we can only take his writings in small doses.

The role of the market

ECONOMICS AND FREEDOM

EDWARD T. CHASE

Something unexpected is happening behind the headlines. A world is being changed by theory. This is exciting in itself. After all, Daniel Bell and his fellow sociologists certified for us in 1960 that the 1950s had witnessed the end of ideology. However, *theory*, apparently, is quite another matter. The implementation of Keynesian economic theory has quietly yet decisively changed the postwar Western world. It has virtually freed it from the devastations of the business cycle. But this accomplishment has strengthened the conviction among some that economic science has reached a level of sophistication whereby it can end other, more stubborn economic ills—at least once Vietnam is behind us. This article will deal with this new train of thought in a moment. First some background.

For the United States, today's belated acceptance of Keynesianism means at a minimum an end both to the kind of economic stagnation of the 1930s and to our deficient growth rates and attendant unemployment of the 1960s. The term Keynesianism or "neo-Keynesianism" has become loosely interchangeable with "the new economics." "The New Economics" actually is journalese for the political economics featuring the tax cut practiced by the Kennedy-Johnson Administrations, notably under the aegis of Walter Heller. With its customary prescience, the *New Yorker* magazine recently carried a cartoon showing an urbane upper-middle-class wife commenting to her husband as they read the newspapers in a chic modern apartment, "I don't know a darn thing about Walter Heller. I just like to know he's there.'" He is no longer in the Council of Economic Advisers but he remains a powerful figure in national economics policy deliberations.

What must be understood about the new economics is that, besides being comforting, it is evolving. It is a changing complex of ideas that is triggering a new, higher level

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of political-economic discussion quite free from the ideological quarrels of yesteryear. Walter Heller himself makes this clear in his authoritative new book, *New Dimensions of Political Economy*, the 1966 Godkin lectures at Harvard. Several other notable books have come along recently that help to put contemporary economics into longer perspective. Robert Lekachman has given us *The Age of Keynes* (Random House), Andrew Shonfield *Modern Capitalism* (Oxford), and Robert Heilbroner *The Limits of American Capitalism* (Harper).

Lekachman demonstrates with the greatest lucidity how and why Keynes' notion of aggregate demand economics, necessitating the decisive intervention of the central government, came to prevail. Shonfield, in a remarkably cogent survey of the changing state of capitalism among Western nations, celebrates the growing sophistication with which planning now modifies the West's free economics. Heilbroner, more philosophical and speculative than Shonfield, first briefly recapitulates the recent changes in American capitalism and then raises disturbing questions about the future. He takes us decades beyond the considerations of the relentlessly pragmatic Walter Heller. With Shonfield, he poses some ultimate issues precipitated by the new economics: the problem of reconciling planning—aimed at controlling the irrationality of the market and masterminding the impact of new technology—with decentralization and political freedom. Or, to put it more specifically, he poses the problem of maintaining a tolerable degree of freedom of consent by the governed in a society where the elitism of "experts" is inevitable because of the ascendancy of science.

Thus, while the well-to-do lady in the *New Yorker* cartoon is rightly comforted by Walter Heller's achievements —all but the very poor have been the beneficiaries of the tax cut he directed and the resultant jump in the economic growth rate—one consequence of the success of the new economics is a sharpening of awareness of how much it hasn't accomplished, of what economics must still do in order to provide a tolerably just social order. Note the recent "*Freedom Budget for All Americans*" subscribed to by Robert Lekachman, Daniel Bell, Robert Heilbroner, Michael Harrington and John Kenneth Galbraith, among other policy formulators. It is aimed at eradicating poverty in a decade by spending $185 billions on domestic welfare programs, including a guaranteed income for the unemployable. For another instance, "the years of the economist" is what Galbraith dubbed the past quarter-century in his recent address at the Urban America symposium. Galbraith had in mind the national obsession of the 1950s and '60s with using "the new economics" to up the economic growth rate so as to match Japan's and Western Europe's. But he went on to deplore this obsession because it has diverted concern, to a disastrous degree he claims, away from the *qualitative* aspect of our national life—in particular the need to upgrade our urban services, such as health care, housing and transportation.

The common factor in Galbraith's presentation and in the books by Lekachman, Shonfield, Heilbroner and even Heller is a new-fangled preoccupation with an old-fangled subject, the place of the market system. It is a preoccupation that in their books is in a context of thought and rhetoric that is of a different universe from the Socialist polemics of the 1930s. It is a dispassionate consideration of how the market has been and must be tamed. Of how the market has been aided (largely by Keynesianism) to work with a marvelous new efficiency. Of why the market's negative effects are so many and distressing. And what forces may eventually end the market's dominating position as the dynamic of the Western world's economies.

None would dispute that "the market" in the broadest sense represents much that has been precious to modern Western man since the end of feudalism. It has been the very foundation of individual entrepreneurship and the opportunity for self-fulfillment; for harnessing the tremendous forces of self-interest; for decentralization; for competition; for the freedom to choose one's work and for social mobility. It has been Adam Smith's magical tool for the automatic allocation of resources through a pricing mechanism whose sensitivity and precision make it the envy of totalitarian planners.

The reason it is hard for an American to appreciate how huge the market looms in our scheme of things is because it is so pervasive, so taken for granted. Bear in mind that the life energies of the majority of Americans, all those millions who toil within the business system, are absorbed in its workings. And, as Charles E. Lindbloom shows in the summer issue of *The Public Interest*, the market is being increasingly used in Russia and in other socialized economies.

The Next Stage

What, then, disconcerts these non-Marxists, non-Socialist, non-totalitarian market-preoccupied economists? It is important to know if one is to understand the next stage in economic discourse. The answer is the paradox that the market, to which we are beholden for our treasures, by its very nature gravely complicates (1) our progressing to a more just society and (2) our ability to cope with the technological explosion. Hence, at the very moment of capitalism's triumphant harnessing of the market, the thrust of Western liberal economic thought in important quarters is to demonstrate the market's inherent inadequacies.

The paradox is the sharper for the fact that what is most valuable about the market on economic grounds, namely that its prices reflect with exquisite precision the ebb and flow of demand, is also its Achilles' heel. How come? Because the market is inoperative so far as reflecting social costs and benefits are concerned. This has misled Americans (to the horror of cultivated foreign ob-

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servers) into assuming that such non-market costs and benefits do not count. Shonfield in *Modern Capitalism* makes the point well:

"Increasingly the realization is forced upon us that the market, which purports to be the reflection of the way in which people spontaneously value their individual wants and efforts, is a poor guide to the best means of satisfying the real wishes of consumers. That is because market prices generally fail to measure either social costs or benefits . . . unless the state actively intervenes, and on an increasing scale, to compel private enterprise to adapt its investment decisions to considerations such as these, the process of economic growth may positively impede the attainment of things that people most deeply want."

Another way in which to understand the limited role of a profit-inspired market system is to observe that non-profit services, like mass transportation or health care for the indigent elderly, cannot generate effective market demand. Businessmen, however, more eager to minimize the government's role in the social order than to concede their inability to provide the services, pretend otherwise. Hence we see the insurance industry fight off Medicare for a quarter of a century on the pretense they could "meet the demand."

There are more subtle tests than Medicare that reveal the danger of leaving public policy decisions up to the market. Take environmental pollution. In terms of the price market system, how can an economist gauge the true costs, say, of an elevated urban highway as contrasted with an underground transit line? For here the social ramifications are enormous and the market offers no help. And what of truly complex public policy questions that are bound up with technical matters requiring an understanding of nuclear physics, for example? It is apparent that we must have recourse to authoritative, expert counsel.

Heilbroner is at his most provocative here. He suggests that the market-oriented business mind will gradually give place, in our social order, to the mind of the scientist and technologist, who are hostile to irrationality and will want to invest a rationality into the social-political order akin to that in science. He writes of "the profound incompatibility between the new idea of the active use of science within society and the idea of capitalism as a social system. The conflict does not lie on the surface, in any clash between the immediate needs of science and those of capitalism. It lies in the ideas that ultimately inform both worlds. The world of science, as it is applied by society, is committed to the idea of man as one who shapes his collective destiny; the world of capitalism to an idea of man as one who permits his common social destination to take care of itself . . . Before the activist philosophy of science as a social instrument, this inherent social passivity of capitalism becomes archaic and eventually intolerable. The 'self-regulating' economy that is its highest social achievement stands condemned by its absence of a directing intelligence. . . ."

Thus does Heilbroner anticipate science and technology undermining capitalism, with its market dependence, as earlier the market system superseded the feudal order. Some version of national planning, for example as practiced in France, one which uses social cost-benefit analysis, may be the first step toward the new order. But the rub is that it must be planning with government teeth of sorts, if it is to work.

As of now, public questions in the United States are settled on the basis of conflict, market competition, or to borrow a suggestive analogy from our legal system, through adversary relationships. Even when scientists vie for government funds for research it is essentially a contest among contending pressure groups rather than an objective weighing of evidence, as Robert Oppenheimer recently stressed at Columbia University's celebrated Seminar on Technology and Social Change. In a word, our social system operates for the most part on the basis of adversary relations among a mélange of contending interests. In this way "the market," in the broadest sense of the term, becomes equated with "freedom." It stands for decentralization and the sovereignty of the individual consumer.

But does history show that this contention of diverse small groups insures freedom? A recent profound study of this question by the University of Chicago political scientist-historian, Grant McConnell, suggests otherwise. In his study, *Private Power and American Democracy* (Knopf. $6.95), he finds the American experience shows that the public interest has been best served in the main *not* in consequence of free competition among many small competing constituencies but, instead, when large constituencies have prevailed. McConnell thus favors nationally based constituencies like the presidency, the party system, the federal government.

Generally, McConnell writes, "the liberty of individuals is more secure in a large constituency than in a small and the larger the constituency the more probable is it that the group is committed to equality." The pluralist is under a delusion in believing "grass roots" and government deference to private groups with concrete narrow ends somehow ameliorates the phenomenon of power. More often than not the public interest becomes lost in the contentions of private interest groups, which usually achieve their ends through the collaboration of administrative agencies (the FCC, the SEC, the ICC, the CAB, etc.).

This welcoming of centralized power is at once surprising and encouraging, to be sure. But it can hardly altogether dispose of one's basic anxiety that deference to an establishment dominated by a scientific-oriented elite will nonetheless place great strain upon us to devise political institutions and processes that ensure a government founded on the free consent of the governed. Rationality, yes, but the great challenge to the political economists of tomorrow is to see to it that we do not purchase it at the expense of liberty.

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What can be said about God?

DEWART ON BELIEF

GABRIEL VAHANIAN

Thomism must go! In reducing Leslie Dewart's *The Future of Belief* (Herder and Herder, $4.95) to this single theme, I am not attempting to minimize its excellence but to stress it. And I wish to stress it because Mr. Dewart has shown an admirable ability to refrain from any kind of sensationalism even if perhaps Protestants (for whom Thomism has long since ceased to be an option) and conceivably others too will find that a good portion of this book deals with "parochial" matters: but let it deal with parochial matters so long as it makes plain, implicitly or explicitly, that no theology can today be truly Roman Catholic if it is not also ecumenical and that likewise no theology can be truly Christian if it calls for the mental duplicity that consists in living in today's kind of world and thinking or worshipping according to the canons of an antiquated worldview.

And yet even this radical sobriety of Leslie Dewart's courageous book will not prevent its being exploited by the various sensationalism-mongers our generation seems to be cursed with, and consequently to be misunderstood by those (inside and perhaps especially outside Catholicism) for whom scholasticism or, more particularly, its supernaturalistic religiosity is intellectually or simply in their understanding of the affective, religious life somehow the only vehicle of the Christian faith. I hope that Leslie Dewart's book will not be given this kind of dubious accolade. For the radicalism of the Christian faith has always consisted in its refusal to conform to the world—whether the world apprehends itself in polytheistic terms as in the Roman Empire or in atheistic terms as in the contemporary situation. In other words radicalism has always been measured in terms not of sensationalism but of the relevance of the Christian faith to a given situation. Dewart calls for just that kind of relevance.

His fundamental thesis is rather simple if not novel and, inasmuch it has been the hallmark of a certain type of Protestant thought, transcends the Catholic dimensions of Dewart's argument. This thesis is that there is no Christian experience except in terms of the forms of a given cultural pattern, which amounts to saying that the Christian life is not a celebration of the *Christian* way of life but of *life*; and correspondingly that inasmuch as all our concepts—including that of God—are cultural tools, "God cannot be believed in unless he be somehow conceived."

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Integrating the Concept

It follows, therefore, that faith and man's contemporary experience must be integrated and that means above all the integration of the concept of God with contemporary experience. The point is well taken: theology cannot satisfy itself simply with translating ancient terms into modern ones up to a certain limit—the concept of God—and thus avoid coming to grips precisely with the problem of God which is the chief problem of our time. In fact "translation" has nothing to do with the task at hand: putting the Latin mass into the vernacular does not solve but, rather, raises the problem of God with an even greater urgency. Therefore what is needed to come to grips with this problem is the creation, out of the cultural patterns through which the human reality is experienced today, of the context of a mode of being that will correspond to a universe of discourse in terms of which God will have been re-conceptualized. That this necessitates the de-hellenization of dogma scarcely needs to be stressed.

A major portion of the book is devoted to this task, a *sine qua non* condition of the complete integration of faith and experience. To this end, Dewart discusses opposition between theism and atheism and, having examined whether Christianity is wedded to a specific cultural pattern and having argued the case negatively, points out the inadequacies of current Christian theism, and in an extremely compelling and original orientation offers us the elements of a most rich doctrine of God in which the stumbling-block of the gospel is not reduced to the mere absurdities of a worldview modern man cannot possibly accept. And not the least consequence is to open for us a vision of the universe which, though it makes God "superfluous," yet does not negate itself if only because it is not superfluous to God. But what exactly can one say about God?

In order to answer that question we must go back to Dewart's discussion of human nature as understood in the light of medieval supernaturalism and of the image of man that commands our contemporary situation and throws an altogether different light on both theism and atheism. One may shorten the discussion of the first item

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by saying that the less man feels threatened by nature and the more he understands himself as a person, the less can God be understood as a supernatural being or even indeed as a Person at all. This practically amounts to saying that in order to dedivinize nature and ascribe deity to God alone early Christianity and medieval scholasticism had to appeal to a concept of God as person if only because the personality of man was precisely what was threatened by nature, if only because nature and the idea of "natural man" pegged on it had to be redeemed by grace in order for man to realize his true being. And this in turn explains but hardly justifies today the necessity to speak of God in terms of being exclusively, or the Superior Being in whom essence and existence coincide, unlike man in whom they do not.

Dewart's argument is that the concept of Being is today a hindrance rather than a help and proposes therefore to replace it with the concept of reality, i.e., "the presence of that which (though not itself being) manifests itself in and through being, that-which-is. That-which-exists is as much a manifestation of God. But it is not God himself." The key-word in this quotation is *presence*: you may be sitting next to a person without him being *present to* you, though this person does in fact exist. But "*to exist* and to be *present* are quite different things." Therefore "the affirmation that God does not exist at all takes nothing away from God's reality and presence" and the problem consequently has nothing to do with the question whether some kind of God-being corresponds to this reality and this presence, or with the question what concept is aptly going to "translate" the God-being of scholasticism as if the medieval worldview was still with us and presented us with a lively frame of thought.

Indeed, man no longer conceives himself in terms of some ideal humanity about which he can claim to know anything either by reason or by revelation and which he must therefore approximate. But modern man understands himself in terms of consciousness, that is, as a subject that can objectify himself, as a being that rather comes-into-being as he creates himself: personality is thus the summit of the human experience. One cannot therefore conceive of God as a Person or a trinity of Persons. Personality is what man begins with when he aspires towards God, and God cannot be given any personality since he does not exist. But this does make God into some kind of impersonal cosmic force, though even this naïve view has at least the merit of transcending the anthropomorphism of the past and conveying the notion that human existence is an *ek-stasis*, a "going-out-of-oneself-into-God," God being in this connection "that which we experience as the open background of consciousness and being," that which, though not a being, is *present* to being and is therefore more powerful than he is when conceived as an omnipotent being whose omnipotence, moreover, is in fact understood either *in opposition to* or as an extension of man's impotence, or in terms of a mixture of opposition and extension. But as Buber has said, God cannot be arrived at either by addition or subtraction.

The merit—and it is not a meager one—of Dewart's discussion about God is to go well beyond a merely negative or hypertrophic definition of God and to offer us the elements of a doctrine of God that enable us to conceive him as well as what it means to worship him in a manner which is homogeneous with our contemporary self-understanding. The only trouble of course has to do with the question how to insure this new theism against the very kind of criticism that Dewart himself so perspicaciously levels at the theism of the Middle Ages—and this leads us to the second of the two items mentioned earlier.

Today's Atheism

One might give an idea of the reply that Dewart might make to the objection that I have just raised, by putting it this way: on the one hand he would fall back on his earlier distinction between absolute theism and relative theism and, on the other hand, on his contention that a relative theism alone can and does, as it must, honor the claim that contemporary atheism is a logical and consistent possibility alongside the possibility itself of faith. This becomes clearer when it is added that contemporary atheism has at least this in common with faith, namely that it does not take God for granted—as did, one might argue, the absolute theism of the Middle Ages in contrast to which atheism could only consist in anti-theism. But today's atheism simply teaches that man can only experience the absense and the presence of God, inasmuch as God's reality is not a piece of the world's reality that can be scientifically observed, measured, or compared with other objects.

What does not convince me in this argument is the distinction itself between absolute and relative theism, a distinction which can hardly be predicated on the contention that "no given concept of God can be the unique and necessary concept of God required by Christian belief." But if a concept of God is necessary, how can it allow only a relative theism unless, of course, either the word "God" or the word "theism" is not the word that is needed? Or does this simply indicate that Dewart's program itself has not yet been sufficiently de-hellenized as a prerequisite to any valid attempt at re-conceptualization?

For my part I would tend to think that indeed such a distinction is nothing but a residue of scholasticism; and, that it is quite superfluous to his purpose becomes rather evident when, no longer considering the problem of God in terms of an opposition between theism and atheism, one goes beyond the mere attempt to incorporate atheism into theism and considers the problem in the light of the iconoclastic exigency intrinsic to the Christian faith. Indeed, idolatry is not a monopoly of the atheist. A theist can be equally idolatrous. Nor does faith consist in the communication of knowledge, either absolute or relative,

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but is what permits the assumption of one's contingency yet without being reducible to the facts of human experience.

This, I suppose, is what Dewart also means when he states that for Christianity human existence is the experience of both the absence and the presence of God, in other words, the experience of man's contradiction of God which in faith is overcome by the grace of God: only the believer can say "I believe, help my unbelief." Or, as Luther would say: *simul justus et peccator*, in contrast to the medieval contention that nature leads to grace just as reason leads to revelation. To which Dewart, who equally rejects scholasticism, although not for the same reason, adds that in medieval thought nature was related to grace not historically but metaphysically. Because he contends that this relation can only be historical, grace is to be understood as "a historical fact, God's presence to man, which existentially qualifies the historical intelligibility of nature in a definitive way."

Meanwhile, however, one is led to wonder whether, aside from the transformations (in the scholastic sense) of the concept of God, we have if at all divested ourselves of the onus of scholasticism, especially when Dewart writes: "grace transmutes mere spatio-temporal *facts* into ultimate, religious *truths*"; or when he writes that "Christian speculation and Christian everyday experience are becoming naturalistic and secular." Yet I thought that grace could only assert me in my given condition and that on such a view depended also the true future of belief, if by belief was not meant an illusion, optical or otherwise.

Besides, when was Christian everyday experience or, for that matter, Christian speculation not secular or indeed naturalistic? At least medieval supernaturalism was not based on, nor did it foster, the kind of mental duplicity of which we latter-day Christians are resolutely guilty. Whose fault is it if, while living in the twentieth century, we still cling to the supernaturalistic God of the Middle Ages? And, so far as I know, grace was not conceived of as being unnatural to man; nor was the church, supernatural as it might be, understood as being less than natural. The same applies to the secular, this obnubilation of our contemporaries.

I did not care much for Dewart's most apt discussion of the question whether or not there is such a possibility as the development of dogma. Not that I was not impressed by the necessary as well as ingenuous display of erudition required in order safely to conclude his argument. Although I do not mean to sound irreverent it made me think, nonetheless, of someone who would attempt to explain the present understanding of the universe in Ptolemaic terms. I suppose it could be done. . . . That is to say, erudition can easily become a handicap, especially when it is still governed by scholasticism.

But such a handicap, whether on the level of erudition or on that of faith, is precisely what *The Future of Faith* is about and it is with impressive dexterity that Dewart argues how the Christian faith can perhaps become again as vital an option as it once was when it was regarded as atheistic by the Roman authorities. His radically new approach to the problem of God encompasses both the speculative intuition of Teilhard de Chardin and the pragmatic activism of Bonhoeffer. Correcting the mysticism of the former he also tempers the fideism of the latter. Theology and the Christian faith can only benefit by the kind of seminal thinking exemplified by Leslie Dewart's most timely discovery of a new approach to the Christian faith.

ROCK 'N ROLL DRAMA

THE STAGE

Moderate Progressive Hawk: It looks like an open and shut case to me. Sophomore phariseeism strikes again. Thank God *I* never have trouble with moral dilemmas. . . .

Nonaligned Dove: What are you talking about this time?

M.P.H.: "Viet Rock." The new peace thing out of Yale. Undergraduate protest. Boola, boola. It's all so darn self-righteous. The assumption seems to be that peace-protesters are not only preternaturally wise but also spiritually immaculate, different in kind from other people.

N.D.: Unlike *your* assumptions, I suppose. Frankly, I thought the peace movement looked pretty silly in the play. Hysterical, ugly and quite silly.

M.P.H.: Well, that was an accident. You might as well say that the author looked silly too, which is true, but she wasn't doing it on purpose.

N.D.: How do you know she wasn't?

M.P.H.: Oh no—not one of *those* arguments.

N.D.: The whole point of the play, which you unsurprisingly missed, is that this is a basically frivolous country, set to a rock and roll tune; which means that even our mothers don't know how to say good-bye to their sons; our wives don't know how to mourn; and even our peace-protesters look silly.

M.P.H.: And the author, she too is silly? In this bad crazy country of ours?

N.D.: She isn't afraid to be misunderstood, if that's what you mean.

M.P.H.: Maybe she's practicing a spot of self-immolation. This Megan Terry sounds like one subtle kid.

N.D.: To you she does, no doubt. That's how much you understand about art. Look—Miss Terry has written a rock 'n roll pageant. Right? The whole play is in that idiom. This means that the good guys are rock 'n roll characters just as much as the bad ones. . . .

M.P.H.: You mean she isn't taking sides at all?

N.D.: Only in the sense that a rock 'n roll country has no business in a serious war.

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M.P.H.: Amazing. Then maybe you can tell me why her critique of the war is so banal? I couldn't discover a single original point in it. Just the stuff that we all know we're supposed to get angry about. The impersonality of the war machine, for instance. O.K.—just take that for a minute. A lot of the play is taken up with marching and drilling, and the implication is that this is some peculiarly brainless and degrading pastime. But supposing they were drilling for the defense of Stalingrad? What then? My point is—does the author know a better way to train soldiers? A more personal, humane way maybe?

N.D.: That whole bit reminds me of the old movies where the red-coats moved slowly forward into the teeth of enemy fire, solemnly beating their drums. That was the old style of war and it looks ridiculous now. I think Miss Terry may be saying something like that about our military establishment. She may even be saying that any style of war looks ridiculous at this point. Ridiculous and inexcusable.

M.P.H.: So how would she train the Bantus to fight the South Africans?

N.D.: It doesn't say in the play. Maybe she wouldn't train them at all. You love digging up these little inconsistencies don't you? You old freedom-lover. How would you *train* the Bantus to gain *their* freedom? Or wouldn't you?

M.P.H.: Hut two three four. We've had this argument before, it seems. We don't want to bore Mr. Sheed's alleged readers.

N.D.: As for the banality of the critique—you're a hard man to please, aren't you? The author is doing a collage of the United States. It is full of pop protest and pop response to protest. Pray, how could this be original?

M.P.H.: The answer to that you will find in the other play we saw this week, "America Hurrah" (*at the Pocket Theater*). That, on the face of it, is one more standard satire on all the terrible things that are happening in this country. But the difference is that the author, Jean-Claude van Italie, has really felt them for himself, he *knows* what's horrible about them. He isn't just another college kid bleating in chorus about all the fashionable grievances. . . .

N.D.: Your honor, I object.

M.P.H.: That last scene in "America Hurrah," for instance, in which the robot customers methodically destroy the motel-room and chalk obscenities on the mirror—there's your collage of America for you. And that's art, not journalism.

N.D.: You're just a sucker for a pretty production. "America Hurrah" was just about perfect. "Viet Rock," I admit, was something else.

M.P.H.: And another thing. You're always lecturing me about art, when it suits your purposes. But here we have a piece of straight propaganda and you fall all over it.

N.D.: I'm not falling all over anything. There is no reason why propaganda shouldn't produce art. A play of relationship that gets settled on a point of ideology would have to be damn lucky. But an anti-war pageant can do what it likes. I only wish that Miss Terry had a little more talent, to prove my point.

M.P.H.: (aghast) You mean. . . ?

N.D.: Yes, I'm afraid I don't think that "Viet Rock" quite comes off.

M.P.H.: And I've been wasting all this time arguing with you?

N.D.: That's true. But remember—I've been wasting time too. (ingratiatingly) It's better than fighting don't you think? You do think that, don't you George? George? Put me down, George. (And so on) (*At the Martinique Theater*)

WILFRID SHEED

NOT FOR BURNING

SCREEN

No doubt everyone has his bad weeks. This has been mine—with the arrival of three new films about which one could have great expectations and none came up to the bright promise. The three movies, made abroad with American co-producers, are by no means the world's worst, but when one considers what they could have been, the disappointment is all the greater.

I suppose I shouldn't have expected too much from "Fahrenheit 451" which is based on Ray Bradbury's novel about an imaginary totalitarian country where minds are controlled by programs on wall TV; and books, considered the enemy, are burned. I usually take a dim view of these semi-science-fiction movies like "1984" because they consist mostly of exposition about this brave new world of things to come, and do little in the way of plot and characterization in depth. But for "Fahrenheit 451" I still had hopes: it was directed and its script was co-authored by François Truffaut, two of whose films, "The 400 Blows" and "Jules and Jim," used cinema superbly and made the biggest splash of all the French New Wave directors.

It's hard to say where Truffaut went wrong in "451." Perhaps his love for books is so great that he got carried away with this frightening story. He depicts the book-burning scenes so vividly that sensitive souls will cringe as they see their favorite authors and titles curl up in flames. Fahrenheit 451 is the temperature at which book paper catches fire, and one can read the covers well before they are reduced to ashes. The Firemen who burn the books, the mural TV, the persecution of people who read or own books are all symbols of Big Brother in this unnamed country. But Truffaut goes on and on with the symbols, all terrifying enough, in scenes that become repetitive exposition. The plot, what there is of it, finally

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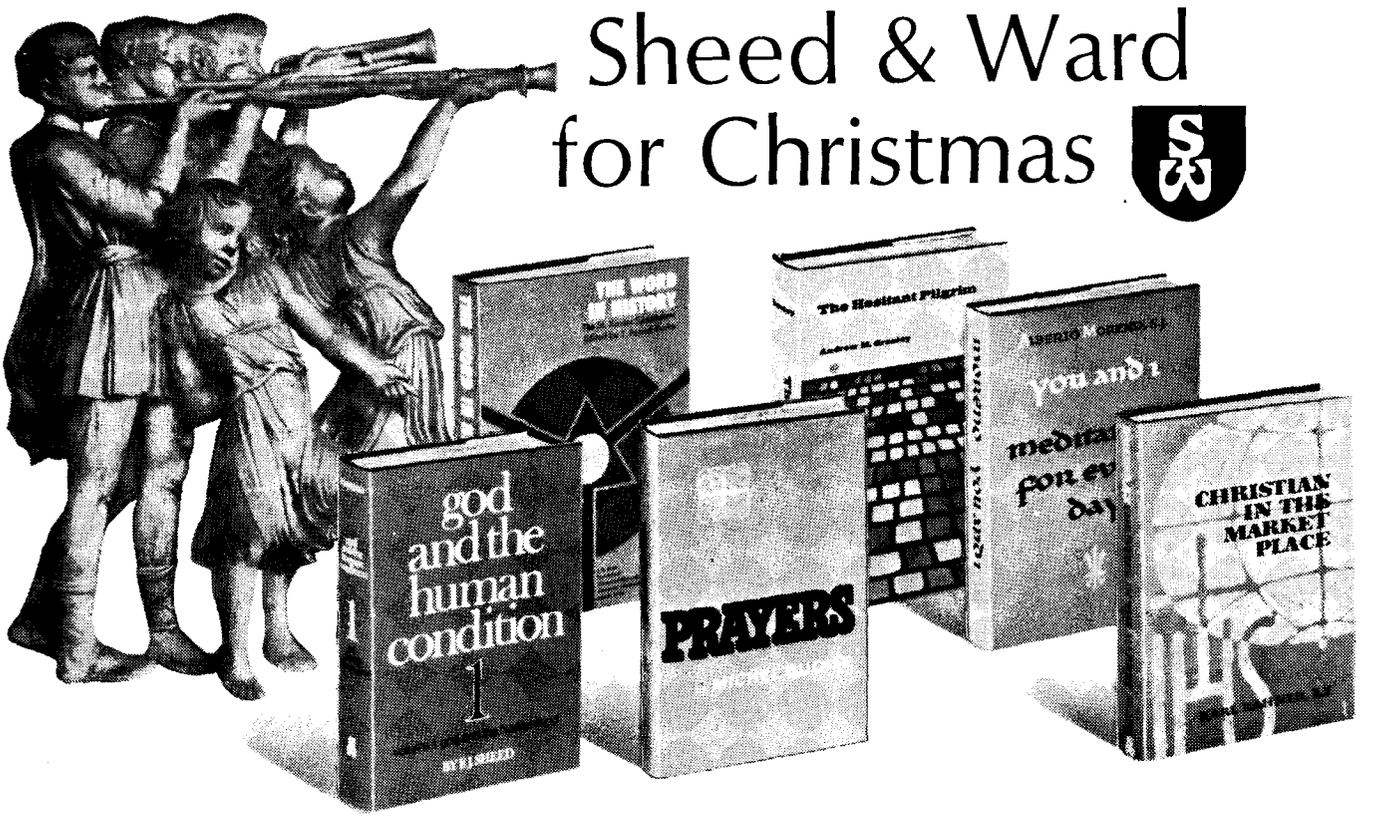

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shows how one Fireman (played in a strange emotionless lethargy by Oskar Werner) escapes from this controlled state to the forest where live the Book People, each of whom has memorized one book so that its contents can be passed on and on.

At times the color photography in "451" is incredibly beautiful, especially in the shots of the multicolored houses in the city and most of all in lovely scenes in the forest at the end with the snow gently falling on the Book People as they walk around reciting their books. But the viewer asks more questions than are answered. Why does Julie Christie play two roles: that of Werner's pill-taking, thought-controlled wife, and that of the rebellious schoolteacher who starts Werner on the road to reading and to the forest? Aren't the Book People almost as apathetic in their strange unemotional life in the forest as the nonthinkers in their routine under Big Brother? Because of its static quality, "451" gets tedious. But every now and then Truffaut manages to wake us up—when Cyril Cusack, as the captain of the Firemen, is doing his sinister dirty work, when Oskar Werner comes to life while reading *David Copperfield*, or when the Book People and the book each has memorized are introduced with the film's few touches of humor. Too bad that "451" doesn't have more of these moments.

With Hardy Kruger, Montgomery Clift, Roddy McDowall, and Macha Meril in the cast of a good spy story, "The Defector" should have been a thriller to make us sit up and be scared. Clift, an American scientist on his way to Leipzig, is pushed by C.I.A. agent McDowall into trying to help a Russian physicist defect to the West. But in East Germany the Russian Secret Service are on their toes and soon go to work to step on Clift's too. Hardy is assigned to the job of crossing Clift in his errand. So far, so good. The color shots of Germany are fine; and the cast, including Miss Meril as a likely Clift-helper and love interest, seem well on their way to keep us in suspense. But producer-director Raoul Levy, who also had a hand in the script, seems determined to keep us as confused about what's going on as the actors themselves. The film has some interesting psychedelic stuff which the Russians use to wear down Clift, but he survives this torture—even the woman with the four breasts. Hardy Kruger is excellent as the meanie whose heart is in the right place. It is hard to comment on the performance of Montgomery Clift who may have been ill during the making of the picture. He died in August and should best be remembered for his more outstanding portrayals—on the stage with the Lunts and in movies like "A Place in the Sun" and "From Here to Eternity."

Surely the book, *Is Paris Burning?* by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre, in spite of its episodic quality could have been fashioned into a good and lively movie. The film, produced by Paul Graetz and directed by Rene Clement, is a pretentious mess. Over-loaded with stars in bit roles, struggling with a labored script written by six people, poorly dubbed, and directed by Clement in a series of clichés, "Is Paris Burning?" instead of being a monument to a great historic event is a confused muddle. Francophiles may agree with its main theme that saving Paris in 1944 was more important than winning the war. Others, even those elated that Paris was saved, may take a different view. The picture's best performances are turned in by Gert Frobe as General von Choltitz, the German commander of Paris who was really responsible for its not being burned, and by Orson Welles, as the Swedish consul who interceded for the French again and again. Outstanding in the large French cast is Pierre Vaneck as the major who got through the enemy lines to plead with the Americans to save Paris. If you know your history, you know they did. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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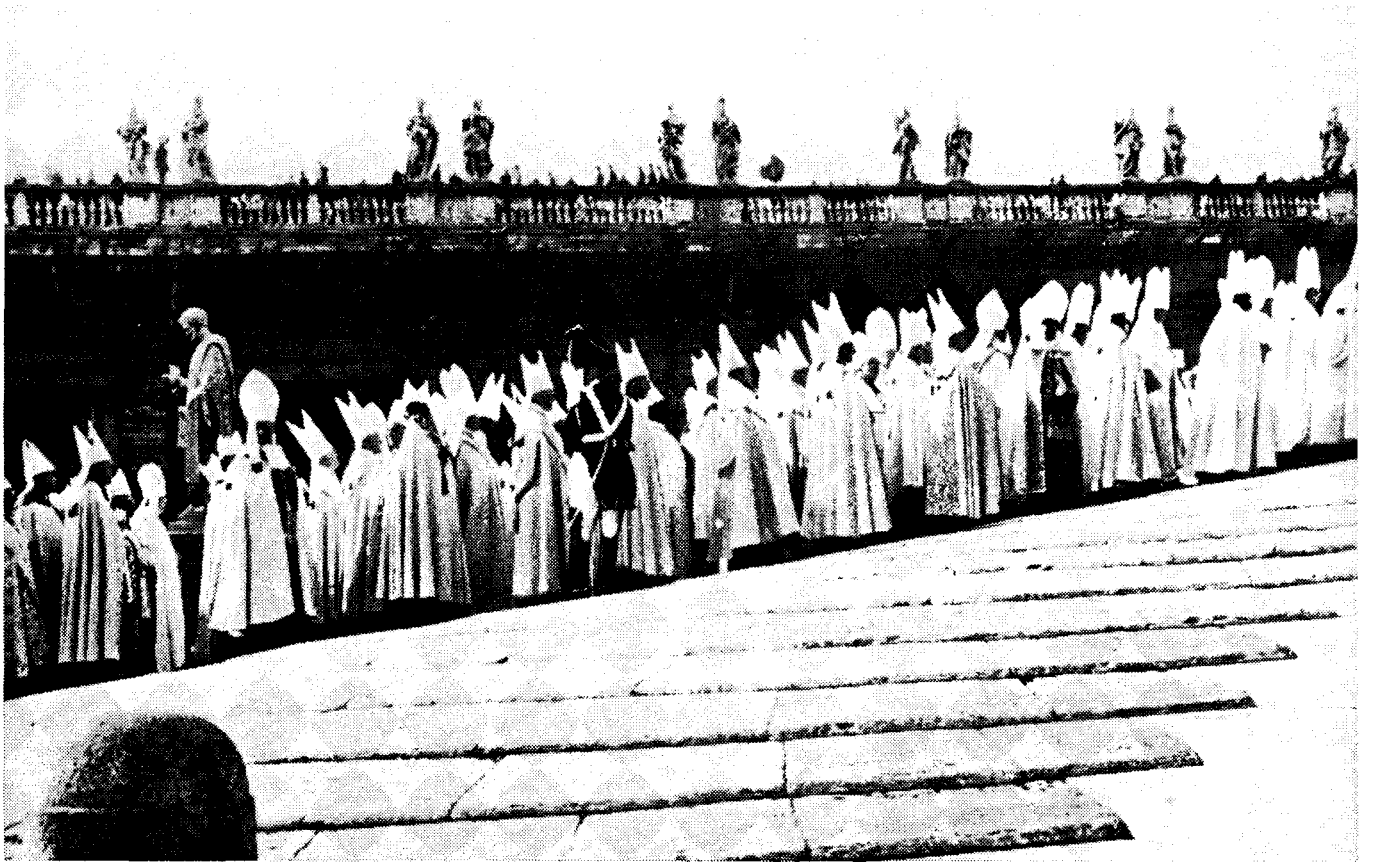

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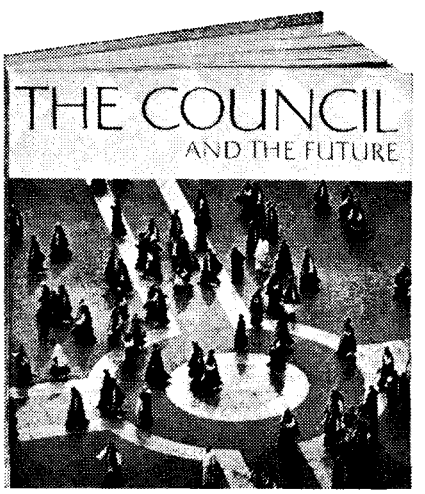

THE COUNCIL AND THE FUTURE
by Mario von Galli, S.J., with 120 photographs by Bernhard Moosbrugger

"Among the books written about the Council, the one by Galli stands out very quickly... the collaboration of Galli and Moosbrugger (text and pictures) has resulted in a masterpiece."
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The Council and the Future is more than a history of Vatican II. Father Mario von Galli, S.J., has outlined brilliantly the effects of *aggiornamento* to which the Council was the magnificent inaugural. He focuses on the peculiarities of the Council: its surprises, its hopes, its opened doors. He has given us a glimpse of tomorrow.

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Mission to France—Angelo Guiseppe Roncalli spent nine years as papal nuncio to France. Here is a collection of his letters, sermons and official papers from those years. Each is illuminated by the wit and profound knowledge which captured the world's imagination when Cardinal Roncalli reigned as pope. $6.95

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Critics' Choices for Christmas

WILLIAM BIRMINGHAM

The Future of Belief. By Leslie Dewart. (Herder & Herder, $4.95) We have begun to move into the post-Hellenic age. The Greek worldview, though it continues to a large extent to form the Western mind, is less and less satisfactory as a means of understanding its experience. That cultural fact is of incalculable importance to the Christian believer, since the conventional formulations of his faith, from such central matters as the Trinity to such peripheral dogmas as the Assumption, presuppose a fundamentally neo-Platonic outlook. The situation leads some into quiet agnosticism, others into proposals that we junk all but a few basics and confront the world with a stripped-down (though Hellenic) creed. Dewart has accepted a harder task. He has the historical imagination to enter fully the traditional categories and the boldness to let them develop as he believes they must when they and the data of revelation are examined in the light of modern consciousness as it has developed from Marx and Freud through Heidegger and Teilhard de Chardin. The result is the most important Christian essay in the philosophy of religion to be published in many a year.

The Gospel According to John: I-XII. Introduction, translation and notes by Raymond E. Brown, S.S. (Doubleday, Anchor Bible, $6.00) The fourth gospel speaks to our age more directly than any other. It speaks especially to the Catholic Church, whose institutional emphasis has in the past made its members uneasy with the relative anarchy implicit in John's stress on the individual's relationship with Jesus. Despite these prejudices in its favor, I began this volume assuming that it was too long—680 pages to cover a mere twelve chapters. By the time I put it down, however, I found myself marveling at its concision. The 150-page introduction, the four appendices, the notes and comments (the latter both general and detailed) are magisterial, both a summary of all that has been said before and a creative analysis of directions for the future. The translation is never pedantic: Brown neither strains to be different from traditional English versions nor succumbs to the scholar's temptation to overliteralness. In fact, this *John* can effectively be read aloud, a rare virtue in modern renderings, many of which seem designed to trip up the tongue.

Teilhard de Chardin and the Mystery of Christ. By Christopher F. Mooney, S.J. (Harper & Row, $6.00) This is by all odds the best English-language study of Teilhard's theology. Especially compelling is Mooney's analysis of Teilhard's depersonalization of sin, a topic that is often discussed with uncritical defensiveness or superficial hostility. As Mooney demonstrates, to the extent that Teilhard has reified sin he has deprived the evolutionary phylum of that love which he wishes to describe as one of its most vital strands. The chief value of the book, however, is positive. Mooney's command of all Teilhard's works enables him to clarify elements in Teilhard's Christology that are obscure to those who have read only *The Phenomenon of Man* and *The Divine Milieu.* The author's own theological sophistication enables him to fill gaps inevitably left by Teilhard and to outline a cosmic Christology whose implications are great for our time, which desperately needs the hope it affords.

The Varieties of Psychedelic Experience. By R. E. L. Masters and Jean Houston. (Holt, Rinehart, & Winston, $7.95) Ignorance has marked the LSD controversy. Enthusiasts seem unable to distinguish between mystical experience and heightened sensory perception. Opponents confine their study to what happens when a college sophomore out for kicks takes a "trip." Masters and Houston have worked with more than two hundred psychedelic subjects and interviewed a like number. From this they have created the most convincing phenomenology of psychedelic experience that I have seen, one with important implications for counselors, psychiatrists and religious believers. Their discussion of religious and mystical experiences is of particular interest. They derive their criteria from William James and W. T. Stace and apply them not to what the subjects claim but to what actually happened to them while under the influence of LSD and peyote. The result is a nucleus of psychedelic subjects whose experiences under the influence of the drug (and of the guide) meet reputable standards of genuine religious or mystical awareness. One might argue with the criteria or with their application but it would be a mistake to dismiss these phenomena out of hand.

GEORGE G. HIGGINS

The Council and the Future. Text by Mario Von Galli. Photographs by Bernhard Moosbrugger. (McGraw-Hill, $10.95) I have seen a number of illustrated books on Vatican II in several different languages. Most of them are duds and, needless to add, prohibitively expensive. This one, however, is different. It is, by all odds, one of the best of the books on the Council which have come to my attention and, while fairly expensive, not unreasonably so, all things considered. As the Editor is at pains to emphasize in his Introduction, it isn't two books—a picture book and a commentary—but rather a masterful blending of photos and texts into a unified whole. The author of the text, who serves as Editor of the Swiss Jesuit Magazine, *Orientierung*, is a genius when it comes to capsulizing the spirit and the meaning of the Council and of its principal documents. He is as honest as he is perceptive and, while unmistakably a "progressive," he doesn't waste very much time baiting the "conservatives." His text is preceded by a chronicle of the principal events of the Council. Even if you think that you already know all about

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the highlights of the Council, it would be a mistake to skip this chronicle. It is larded with interesting little nuggets, some of which add spice and even a little bite to the narrative. In short, *The Council and the Future* is the perfect Christmas gift. I recommend it very highly.

Teilhard de Chardin and the Mystery of Christ. By Christopher F. Mooney, S.J. (Harper and Row $6.00) I used to think it would be a great day for the home team when European theologians would (finally) start to cite American theologians as *the* authorities in this or that particular field of study. Well, they are now beginning to do so—not very often, to be sure, but more often than one would have predicted before the Council. Most Europeans recognize that Father John Courtney Murray to (whom the next book in this list is dedicated) has probably done more than any other single theologian on either side of the Atlantic to clarify the issue of Religious Freedom. And now we find Henri de Lubac—who is himself a renowned authority on the writings of Teilhard de Chardin—saying that Father Mooney's theological treatment in depth of the central theme in Teilhard's work, namely, the relationship of the cosmos to Christ, is literally unique and truly "remarkable both for its clarity and balance." Father Mooney, who researched his study of Teilhard in Paris, is presently serving as Chairman of the Theology Department at Fordham University. I envy his students.

Religious Freedom in Church and State: A Study in Doctrinal Development. By Pius Augustin, O.S.B. (Helicon, $6.95) The author of this timely study suspects that most people in the West will interpret Vatican II's Declaration on Religious Freedom as "a move of expedience." For his own part, however, he is convinced that the Declaration was not a strategic reversal of position, but rather "the end-result of a centuries long, *undirectional* development." It is the purpose of his study to trace this development and to follow "the growth curve of Christian Church-state doctrine in the light of a growing realization of human dignity and freedom." Don't ask me to identify Father Pius. For some unaccountable reason, Helicon's dust jacket keeps his identity a secret. Internal evidence suggests, however, that he is a very young (German?) theologian and that this is his doctoral dissertation, written in Rome under Father Bernard Häring. Whoever he might be, Father Pius looks like a real comer.

Open To The World: An Analysis of Lay Spirituality. By Alfons Auer. (Helicon, $5.95) Score another one for Helicon and the younger school of German theologians. Teilhard de Chardin would have applauded Professor Auer's new book very enthusiastically. Its purpose is to help the laity develop a type of spirituality which will enable them to heal what Teilhard called "the great schism which threatens the Church," namely, "the fact that 'Christian' and 'human' no longer tend to coincide."

From Proust to Camus: Profiles of Modern French Writers. By André Maurois. (Doubleday, $5.95) I have no way of anticipating what the experts will say about this collection of profiles of Proust, Gide, Bergson, Claudel, Mauriac, Sartre, Camus and eight other 20th-century French writers. As a rank amateur, I can only say that I found it delightful reading. Maurois is an exquisitely civilized man whose prejudices (if he has any) are never permitted to blur his critical judgment. He is always eminently fair—even to those writers whose philosophy of life he obviously does not share—and is always most agreeable even when disagreeing with one or other of his literary subjects.

A Christian Mission in Vietnam

Christian missionaries have been numbered among the world's great anthropologists. For the missionary lives among his people for years and even for decades. He thus comes to know from within the language, customs, and patterns of thought of a given people; above all he comes to know them personally and to be accepted by them.

Jacques Dournes, author of the newly published *God Loves the Pagans: A Christian Mission on the Plateaux of Vietnam*, is just such a missionary. For sixteen years he lived and worked in an obscure village of Vietnam inhabited by a tribe that had never been influenced by Western culture and that had never heard of Christianity. He became friend, physician, teacher and pastor to his "pagan" flock as he grew more and more to esteem their personal qualities and their culture.

God Loves the Pagans ($4.95) is not merely a book on missiology or catechesis, but it is a broad-range study, written with sympathy and intelligence, of the folkways of a tiny fragment of mankind. In it anthropology, sociology, linguistics, comparative religion, and theology converge in a first person narrative of gripping immediacy. It is now available at your bookstore.

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RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

Education Automation (Southern Illinois, paper, $1.95), *Ideas and Integrities* (Prentice-Hall, $6.96), and *Nine Chains to the Moon* (S. Illinois, paper, $2.45), by R. Buckminster Fuller. Although I had known of Buckminster Fuller's architectural work for years, not until last spring did I discover his books; and once I started, everything else came to a halt. Fuller has more imaginative thoughts about the crucial physical dilemmas of our time than any team of experts; his ability to envision perspicacious solutions and his faith in human reason make him an admirably indomitable optimist. Fuller is essentially a technocrat, who believes that material advance and effective distribution of its spoils will cure most of the world's problems; and he has the imagination, knowledge and humanity to make this materialist position highly convincing.

In general, he wants to change society in the same way that his dymaxion structures have revolutionized certain kinds of construction—offering more comfort more efficiently at a lower cost. Unfortunately, these books are stylistically difficult, suffering from as much bombast as McLuhan's (recommended, for many of the same reasons, last Christmas) and a prose as idiosyncratic and, often, indecipherable. *Education Automation* can and should be read by everyone; *Ideas and Integrities*, essentially an autobiography, will satisfy the more persistent. *Nine Chains to the Moon* should be tried only by those who were madly enthusiastic about the other two.

The Philosophical Impact of Contemporary Physics. By Milic Capek. (Van Nostrand, $8). Perhaps reflecting Fuller's influence, I have come to feel that most of us literate folk should be more familiar with contemporary science, not only because it shapes so much of the reality we experience but also because the ideas of quantum and relativity are relevant to areas closer to us. Of the several books I have read (or attempted to read) on recent physics, this struck me as the best introduction to how the discoveries of Max Planck and Albert Einstein have repudiated the Laplacean universe of space and time; for Capek combines a solid exegesis of the new ideas with an awareness of their extrinsic significance.

Assemblage, Environments, and Happenings. By Allan Kaprow. (Abrams, $25). This is by far the best book we have on avant-garde American art of the past decade—pop art, combines, kinetic environments, happenings, etc.; for Kaprow, who is both the originator of "happenings" and a Professor of Art History at Stony Brook, is an extremely intelligent "participant observer," as the sociologists say. That is, he combines a creator's passion for the new art with an academic ability to identify the major tendencies, trace their ancestry, and define their cultural relevance. Moreover, he writes so elegantly and unpretentiously that even his most outrageous ideas seem eminently sane, if not commonplace. The book's huge size, extravagant design (also by Kaprow) and its numerous pictures justify its high cost; but I wish some paperback publisher would issue Kaprow's brilliant commentary at a more accessible price.

The Steagle. By Irvin Faust. (Random House, $4.95). In this column last year, I wrote in praise of Irvin Faust's short stories that, "He can effectively present frantically disconnected thoughts, evoke obsessions, show how a mad mind can confuse fantasy and reality, trace a catharsis—all without any sign of the psychologist's jargon and schemata, all in a language as intense as it is elegant." This new book, his first novel, further confirms my earlier impression; as Faust takes a theme essentially the stuff of a short story—the psychotic breakdown of one man—and successfully sustains and embellishes it for an entire novel. He is such a master of the delicate protrayal of the degrees of psychological disintegration that, in comparison, other novelists of madness seem distinctly amateur; and *The Steagle*, I would judge, also evidences Faust's increasing fictional artistry.

Standards. By Stanley Edgar Hyman. (Horizon, $6.75). This collection of book reviews in *The New Leader* rather conclusively shows what can happen if a magazine gives the ball to a strong run-

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ning literary critic and lets him carry it where he will; for these essays offer, among other things, more sustained and intelligent engagement with the important works of very recent literature than any other collection by one man. True, Hyman has too conservative an ideal of literary form to assimilate some experimental activity as perceptively as his juniors; but he has the real virtue of consistently offering evidence for his judgments. Most admirable are his independence and objectivity; for the only axe he grinds is a polemical devotion to the necessity of critical seriousness (as well as humor) in our time.

BERNARD McCABE

Novels are the thing to read but its hard to write about them briefly; so here, first, are four 1966 novels which I found admirable and think everyone should read: Nadine Gordimer's *The Late Bourgeois World,* Wilfrid Sheed's *Office Politics,* Patrick White's *The Solid Mandala, and* Gabriel Fielding's *Gentlemen in Their Season.*

Martin Green in *The Problem of Boston* (Norton, $6) seeks to realize for us the quality of the "life of the mind" in nineteenth century Boston, something that has been misjudged or simply missed between the limiting emphases of the learned historians of Puritanism on the one hand and the manifest-destiny hailers on the other. Green gets at it through attention to carefully-chosen key figures in the city's cultural life. So his imaginatively sympathetic accounts of George Ticknor and Charles Eliot Norton, what went right and what went wrong with them, are offered as touchstones to the setting that they evoke. Green's attention to Boston's local "problem" turns out to be a really original book about America's intellectual history, opening out new approaches to the study of culture and society; it is attractively full of acute and articulate intelligence, too.

Whitney Balliett's *Such Sweet Thunder* (Bobbs-Merrill, $5.95), about American Jazz, shares some of the same qualities. Like any good criticism it at once defines and exemplifies its standards in illuminating ways. Music critics (I think it is fair to say) have on the whole been bad

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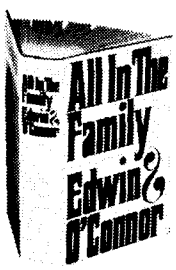

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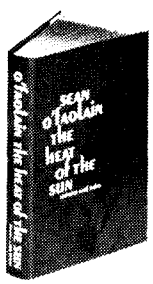

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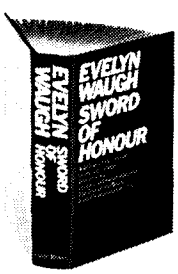

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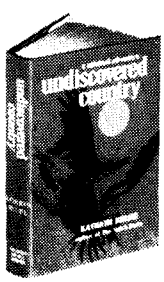

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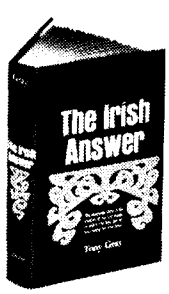

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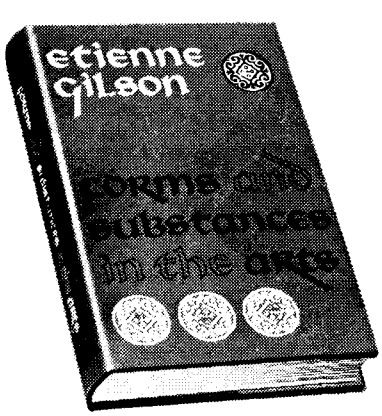

about this. The exceptions—G. B. Shaw and Sackville-West in England, for example, or B. H. Haggin in the U.S. are men who have consistently tried to define for us the quality of the experience. But so many others, even when they get beyond the mindlessly appreciative or gossipy levels and can brandish high-powered musicological and technical information, remain frustratingly unwilling to make those valuable (and vulnerable) self-commitments we want from critics, discriminations which have to be both exigent and generous. When it's Jazz it's all much worse. Jazz critics tend to *congratulate* their subjects and themselves and leave it at that. But Balliett is full of enthusiasm and discrimination, vividly communicated. See his bravado piece on Sidney Bechet's style "celebrating itself," or this view of Thelonius Monk, "strolling through a handful of numbers, each full of sly, affectionate pokes at stride piano and of the steady inner pleasure that Monk rests all his music on."

Roger Garaudy, *From Anathema to Dialogue: A Marxist Challenge to the Christian Churches* (Herder and Herder, $3.95). Garaudy finds a sort of aggiornamento atmosphere in post-Stalin Marxism, a readiness to accept and profit from other kinds of experience, and believes there is possibility of dialogue with the newly "opened" Christian Churches. Liberal theology on a wide front—from Chardin to Bultmann to Rahner—has eased the way. Garaudy grasps particularly at a view of myth and faith as liberating ideas, opening out the future to mankind. On another level he sees *Pacem in Terris* as the signal of the Church's crucial decision to abandon its old attachments to conservatism, reaction and privilege. A French Marxist-Catholic dialogue has gone on intermittently since the Liberation—strong in the hey-day of Mounier's *Esprit* and strong again now (one notes with alarm however that Ottaviani has been able, incredibly, to discipline the left-wing Franciscan journal *Frères du Monde*). In England *Slant* and *New Blackfriars* go at it valiantly from the Catholic side. That an American Catholic publishing house offers us a book by a prominent member of the French Communist Party's Central Committee and Political Bureau is in itself a striking event. Garaudy's reception here will be of great interest.

In an interview in *Réalités* Garaudy has remarked that, invited to a colloquium on Death with some Dominicans he came "with empty hands." Simone de Beauvoir, in *A Very Easy Death* (Putnam's, $3.95), a *récit*, or documentary, about the death of her 78-year old mother in a Paris clinic, thrusts us in front of death with the suggestion that ultimately we are all empty-handed. "Accepted" or not, death is always an accident; it remains a horrible surprise. Mme. de Beauvoir had been an actively pious Catholic, yet her awful last six weeks of life were in effect non-Christian. She simply clung to life. A tremendous energy and tenacity (something Mlle. de Beauvoir finds in herself) took over, and made religious understanding or resignation in the event simply irrelevant. Simone de Beauvoir forces us to contemplate her shocked agonies of impotent sympathy before her mother's naked, cowering, cancerous body, tormented beyond the reach of pacifying drugs. The brutal frankness of the hospital scenes, however, strangely serves as a guarantee of the tenderness with which this little book is suffused. It is full of pity and terror, but is told with an engaging and moving simplicity; a valuable document in any dialogue about death.

C. J. McNASPY

The Council and the Future. By Mario von Galli; photographs by Bernhard Moosbrugger. (McGraw-Hill, $10.95). After so many Council books, it is refreshing to read something that manages to be both serious and witty, hard-hitting without unfairness or acerbity. Von Galli's insights are sharpened by little-known quotations from those bishops who really spoke out, unafraid of their peers. The Moosbrugger photographs are more than ornamental; they reinforce and illumine the text, while providing handsome but unhackneyed shots of an event and a city and people we had thought hopelessly overexposed.

George Frideric Handel. By Paul Henry Lang. (Norton, $12). At last the giant

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who gave us *Messiah* can be seen in true focus, stripped of absurd wigs or unwanted haloes, but in no way diminished. Anyone who can thump out notes on the piano will be pleased with dozens of musical examples that illustrate Handel's personal style. But even nonmusicians will feel at home in Lang's analyses. This definitive biography reveals the man in his historical situation and does as much as is possible to reveal the miracle of his lucid and (on the surface) facile genius.

The American Negro Reference Book. Ed. by John P. Davis. (Prentice-Hall, $19.50). While Black Power, the backlash and other countercurrents of the day are too recent to be treated in this encyclopedia, they become increasingly intelligible as one explores their sources here. Such an essay, for example, as John Hope Franklin's "Brief History of the Negro in the United States" should shatter any vestigial liberal smugness, all the more for being calm and unrancorous. Unmatched anywhere else, the research assembled in this volume is indispensable for Americans who have more than a token concern about our nation's No. 1 shame. Tough reading, but ever so salutary.

Teilhard de Chardin and the Mystery of Christ. By Christopher F. Mooney. (Harper & Row, $6). Until Henri de Lubac's *La Pensée Religieuse du Père Teilhard de Chardin* is translated (and possibly even after), this will be the most perceptive book on Teilhard in English. If "synthesis implies risk," as Teilhard believed, Fr. Mooney's years of probing into the theological implications of this never static thought was a risk well worth taking. It should reassure Christian humanists of their hero's authenticity as a man who passionately believed that to be Christian does not dispense us from our duty to become human, despite the risk involved.

The Last Gentleman. By Walker Percy. (Farrar, Straus, $5.95). After the success of *The Moviegoer*, one might have feared that such a performance could not be repeated. It is not. Instead, Percy has done something wider, subtler, encompassing more of "the massiveness of experience, the concreteness of life" (which Robert Penn Warren discerns as congenial to the Southerner). His "last gentleman," however, is no textbook case, nor at all like Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha folk. Will Barrett's burden of history is more complex and personal.

IRVING MALIN

Flannery O'Connor. By Stanley Edgar Hyman. (University of Minnesota, $.65) Hyman is not afraid to express contrary opinions; he states that Miss O'Connor is primarily a novelist, not a short story writer, and that her strengths are those qualities that have been "most disliked and attacked: the apocalyptic violence, the grotesque vision, the vulgarity." He is especially interesting when he reads closely symbolic actions in her fiction—"the profound equation of the mysteries of sex and religion"; the recurrent transformations; and the God-intoxications (both true and false). His pamphlet deserves serious attention because it contributes impressively to our knowledge

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of this enduring, chilly writer.

Trials of the Word. By R. W. B. Lewis, (Yale, $6.50) Although Lewis ranges widely in this gracefully written collection of essays—Melville, Whitman, and Malraux are some of the writers discussed—he is at his best in the last essay, "Days of Wrath and Laughter." Here he demonstrates that *V.*, *The Sot-Weed Factor* and *Invisible Man*, among recent examples of "black humor," are part of an American tradition; they are related to such previous "apocalypses" as *The Confidence Man* and *Miss Lonelyhearts*. Because Lewis goes back in time, he is more enlightening than journalists who praise each new work without being aware of differences, tones, and shadings. I find it ironic that glib reviewers called him "safe" or "academic." Lewis is, on the contrary, exciting and disturbing—despite the fact that he refers to such scholarly works as R. H. Charles' *Eschatology* and Ernest Tuveson's *Millenium and Utopia*.

In Cold Blood. By Truman Capote. (Random House, $5.95) It is impossible in claustrophobic paragraphs to say anything new about this best-seller, but I do want to suggest that like the two critics I have mentioned, Capote gives us "wrath and laughter." Perry Smith and Herbert Clutter, the dream of glory and the search for empty Coke bottles, the farm and the prison—these various dualities, although at times they may seem "artificial," are part of our landscape; they signify daily doom which should not be forgotten in discussions of "non-fiction novels" or literary gossip.

Giles Goat-Boy. By John Barth. (Doubleday, $6.95) Certainly Barth is more inventive and "fiendish" than Capote, but he is also apocalyptic. He is not satisfied to present "real" Kansas (if only to destroy our postcard picture of it); he must take on the universe itself. Lewis has related *The Sot-Weed Factor* to *The Confidence Man*; the "new syllabus" is an even more pertinent example because it transforms the Novel as it creates the Transformed World. I believe that Barth combats the Computer—the symbol of the forthcoming or present doom. Not only is his hero a goat-boy—he is also "son of the Computer"; thus he attempts to outwit his father in a programmed way. Is there an exit? Who is responsible for the mess (or the "scientific" neatness)? Can we laugh? These questions are asked by the four writers I have chosen—or have they chosen me?—and the answers they offer are, paradoxically enough, painful and exhilarating.

ALAN PRYCE-JONES

The Saddest Summer of Samuel S. By J. P. Donleavy. (Delacorte Press, $3.95) When I first read this very short novel it struck me as funny but rather unadventurous: an appendix, in manner and feeling, to *The Ginger Man* and not a new creation. But I found it sticking to memory when other books more obviously memorable were forgotten. And on reading it again I rate it much higher than before. It is a demure joke. Donleavy himself calls it a combat report from "the tiny battle waged for survival of the spirit in bedrooms and hearts the world over." Samuel is fighting for survival in Vienna. He has no money, women trespass on his precarious independence, he is restive under analysis. His dilemma is explored, not solved. But the process is wonderfully witty and compassionate.

Diaries and Letters, 1930-1939. By Harold Nicolson. (Atheneum, $7.50) In 34 years, it seems, Harold Nicolson has written some three million words of diary. The selection made by his son Nigel will run to three volumes, of which this is the first. It is worth reading if only for a model introduction in which, with moving tact and honesty, that son sets his difficult parents in perspective. The book itself gives a wonderful picture of life as lived, not without turbulence, by two extremely gifted people: Harold Nicolson gregarious, courted, fluent, attacking life from different angles with the alertness and pounce (and sometimes the whine) of a mosquito: his wife, Vita Sackville-West, withdrawn, formidable, at times disconcertingly mannish. They possessed so much: successful careers, beautiful houses, the affection and company of the most interesting people of their day. Luckily, too, they possessed one another to a degree improbable in logic, so different were they. The journal, and their

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letters to one another, combine private and public history.

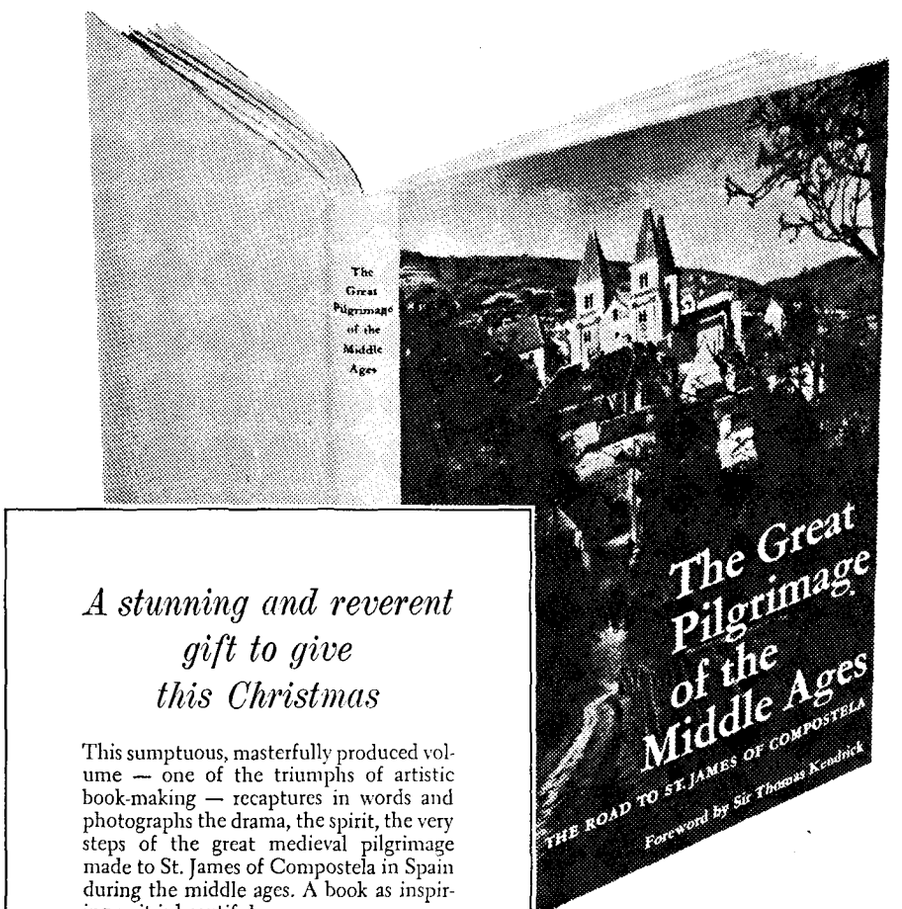
Paper Lion. By George Plimpton. (Harper and Row, $5.95) It takes a good book indeed to involve a European amateur in American football, the subtleties of which almost certainly escape him. George Plimpton is likely, moreover, to arouse prejudice in advance. So handsome, so successful in one way and another that he looks like the 1966 equivalent of those legendary young English heroes who were killed off in the First World War: the Wyndhams, the Tennants, the Grenfells. He is irresistible, though; and his book on what it feels like to play quarterback with the Detroit Lions is masterly. Now that non-fiction novels are in, this may stand as a model of its kind. The glimpses of personality—if only one snapshot of Bertha, a poetry-writing cleaning woman—are bright and keen; the knockabout side of life in a summer training camp is caught with beautiful dexterity. George Plimpton's luck holds: he is a remarkable writer who has found an entirely original line.

Dialogue With Myself. By Martin V. D'Arcy, S.J. (Trident Press, $4.95) It cannot be easy, after nearly half a century in the Society of Jesus, to write an intellectual autobiography as free from sectarian overtones as this. Father D'Arcy, we know, is a man of extraordinary range—his penetrating book on "Communism and Christianity" displays one facet of a mind which works with equal ease among philosophical abstractions. This time, he presents, with great elegance, a reasoned view of the world, based on personal experience, and unscarred by too easy a pessimism. He describes his own progress without grinding axes or bludgeoning his readers into foregone acceptances.

Forty Years With Berenson. By Nicky Mariano. (Knopf, $6.95) Nicky Mariano would have been a famous *dea ex machina* in any household; but it was everybody's good fortune that her gifts were exercised at I Tatti for the benefit of Bernard Berenson and his wife. Also of their friends, be it noted. She has recorded the experience with discretion and insight, adding to our knowledge not only of Berenson himself but of outside companions like Edith Wharton and of the foreign colony which gave luster to Florentine life in the earlier years of this century through the vagaries of its Anglo-American citizens. This is a book to be read by those who welcome a clear-eyed view of a kind of civilization not likely to recur: a world in which some money was better than too much, good talk opened all doors, the luxury of personal relationships was fully indulged, and national frontiers counted for nothing among intelligent people. A silver age, maybe, but golden to read about when it is as well presented as here.

CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS

The Collected Works of Jane Bowles. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95) This new edition should widen Mrs. Bowles' audience, but it cannot make her a popular writer. Obscurity, icy control, and heartless geniality will put some readers off. Those taking the necessary pains will find her a special treat. "Two Serious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Ladies," a moral comedy embedded in a bizarre narrative; "In the Summer House," a fine, complexly emotional play; and a collection of stories flawed by a kind of absurdist complacency: like them or not, these are the work of a writer possessed by the sacred arrogance of art.

Dark Places of the Heart. By Christina Stead. (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.95) Typically repetitive, badly plotted, and thematically vague, Miss Stead's first novel in 15 years displays, as well, her characteristic virtues. Fortunately, they overwhelm its faults. In dialogue that has a kind of Irish prodigality, the book reveals two striking characters: a voraciously humanitarian newspaperwoman and her passively womanizing brother. Miss Stead commands only certain traditional skills, but enough to remind us that our reigning experimenters are frequently just footnotes in the history of taste.

The Music School. By John Updike. (Knopf, $4.95) The best of Updike's three story collections, containing one masterpiece, "The Christian Roommates," and several fine pieces, notably the prize-winning "The Bulgarian Poetess." Not a word is casually chosen and not one can be missed. When his situations are trivial, at least Updike presents them with precision and grace. When they are significant, their significance inflects every gesture and every word, both Updike's and the character's. No new novelist so rewards close scrutiny.

The Other Victorians. By Steven Marcus. (Basic Books, $5.95) Mr. Marcus condescends to his material with an alacrity that seems defensive, and his analogies to high Victorian literary culture are sometimes loose; but this pioneer study of pornography is a scintillating work of criticism. The chapters on a multivolume sex diary, "My Secret Life," are superb: a model of poised exposition in difficult circumstances and of imaginative perception. With a kind of easy lucidity, Marcus scatters throughout the book insights that will make it as useful to followers as he apparently intended.

Sins of the Fathers: Hawthorne's Psychological Themes. By Frederick C. Crews. (Oxford, $6.75) The howls of pain greeting this Freudian study of Hawthorne are responses to an old bite. Crews puts the prose not the author on the couch. Frequently, his evidence is irrefutable. Though he can be faulted for sins of omission (his chapter on *The Scarlet Letter* shows that a masterpiece cannot be illuminated in any narrow perspective), critical coherence always involves partiality. Fresh and astute criticism.

MARTIN TUCKER

The Fixer. By Bernard Malamud. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.75) In the past Malamud has apologized for his pathos by injecting his ironic humor and self-mockery. In his newest, and greatest, work, he drops all pretense of the seductive laugh and instead presents simply the story of a man unjustly accused of murder. The "fixer" is a carpenter of sorts, an impotent husband, a dreamer without a concrete purpose in life. He runs away from his small town to Kiev, where, against his better judgment, he goes to live in a quarter forbidden to Jews. When a teenage boy is found stabbed to death the fixer is arrested. All of Russia seems conspiring against him, but the little man grows tall as indignity after indignity is heaped on him. Malamud's style, his directness of statement, give the novel a harrowing and beautiful expression. In his prison cell, chained and manacled, the fixer learns that he is not alone; the feeling of commitment, of belonging, which he has so desperately desired, is now an integral part of him, and it has issued as a result of allowing his own compassion to operate.

Mott the Hoople. By Willard Manus. (McGraw-Hill, $4.95) Malamud is an established writer; Manus is a newcomer. Malamud has avoided the beat and hip scene; Manus's milieu is not only the crazy society of the oddball but its way of breathing. For Manus the square is the man running round in circles; the oddball is the only one who can get even with life. Malamud is above and beyond the transient spirit of Manus's wisecracking generation. Yet the parallels—because of the differences between them—are apparent. Mott is a young Jewish man on the make. He can have it both ways—

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keep his Bronx and Socialist ways and marry the rich girl from the wasp side of town. Mott chooses integrity, lands in jail, finally lets marriage with the rich girl choose him, and ends up in a balloon floating over Cincinnati. In the meantime Mott has met and tangled with various characters. The humor is wild and bawdy; the form is picaresque, loose and often lewd. Manus has the zest of his own hero, and something else: a sympathy for the absurdity he is perpetuating. It is this sense of mockery and heroism that unites Manus with Malamud—at least for the moment in promise.

Trust. By Cynthia Ozick. (New American Library, $7.95) Still another story with a Jewish motif is this first novel about a young girl's initiation into awareness; her enormously wealthy and eccentric mother; her Jewish stepfather, steady, intelligent and too much the rational compromiser; and her father, a creature never lost in the mist and never out of the shadows. The heroine—nameless, a symbolic female of the generation brought up on Marxist parents now saddled with all the comforts of the *haute bourgeoisie*—finally meets her father who has been conveniently paid to stay away from her. The secret the heroine uncovers is not outstanding. What is outstanding is the author's style and literary richness. Miss Ozick has achieved a Jamesian novel with touches of D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce. One of her characters is described as having a "big waxy distinguished skull, disconcertingly like the heavy-chinned head of Henry James." The same might be said of her novel: it is skillful and slippery. You must hold on, or you will lose the wonderful polish of its style.

Tremor of Intent. By Anthony Burgess. (Norton, $4.95) Burgess's sheer joy of words, his almost savory handling of adjectives, pervades his latest novel. It is no accident that puns abound in his work: Burgess is dedicated to the greatest punmaster, Joyce. In *Tremor of Intent* the world does not quake when murder, double-cross, torture, and rites of love as practiced in an ancient Tamil script occur, but the world changes when one spy forsakes the foolish business to become a priest. The individual man has

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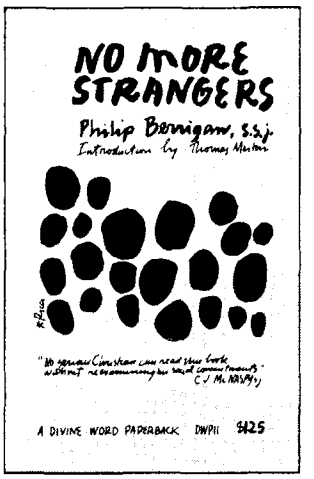

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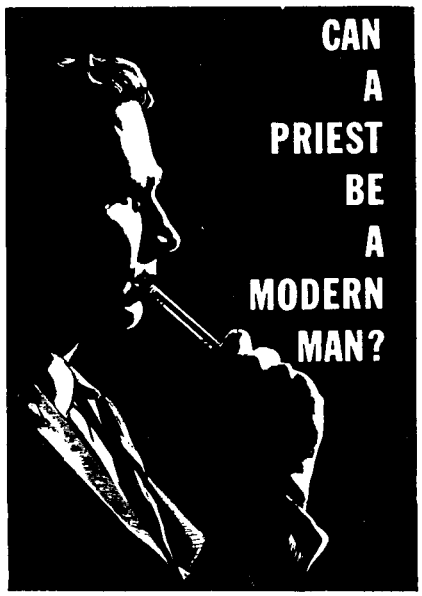

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lost his individuality in a world where he has all the individuality he wants; freedom as choice has no meaning when absurdity is all to choose from. Indeed, Burgess's novel, which he calls "eschatological," gives food for thought on many levels, and literally in its depiction of a fat double-agent whose love of food is equaled only by Gargantua. Burgess's description of this man's food intake is more than the stomach can bear.

Landscape in Concrete. By Jakov Lind. (Grove, $4.50) Lind's second book is more impressive than his collection of short stories, *Soul of Wood.* The horror and the grim fantastic allegories that pervaded the earlier fiction is evident again. The hero is a brilliant conception —a soldier, a good German boy, who obeys orders. He is Lind's symbol of Germany gone mad—orders are more important to obey than the substance of the orders. What issues in Lind's novel is murder, rape, homosexuality, and bestiality, all in the name of order. The novel has no graceful relief, but then hell is also without distractions.

GERALD WEALES

Collected Letters, 1874-1897. By Bernard Shaw. Ed. by Dan Laurence. (Dodd, Mead, $12.50) So much has been written about Shaw over the years that a great deal of the material in this volume is bound to seem familiar. Still, it provides a double pleasure. Letter by letter, there is the happy stylistic presence of Shaw, the perennial teacher-comic, explaining, cajoling, persuading. Cumulatively, there is the portrait of Shaw the critic and journalist, the politician, the lover, the incipient playwright, doing too much too insistently and heading for a smash—which turned out to be, but not in these pages, the bicycle wreck that marked a changing point in his life.

Dramas from the American Theatre, 1762-1909. Ed. by Richard Moody. (World, $15) Designed as a textbook, it has—so the traveler tells me—been stirring up interest as a trade book. No wonder. Theater buffs, professional and amateur, used to treat the American theater before O'Neill as though it were a wasteland. Now that the theatrical revolution of the 1920s has come to seem less startling and the important playwrights of that period as the good journeymen they were, it is possible to read the early plays with less condescension, for the virtues they have. Moody's collection is a good sampling. For the theater enthusiast, who has everything, including Moody, perhaps another new collection of neglected plays, this one with very good notes on popular genres, J. O. Bailey's *British Plays of the Nineteenth Century* (Odyssey, $7.75).

The Emperor of Ice-cream. By Brian Moore. (Viking, $4.95) Moore has been using variations on the same plot since his lovely first novel, *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne.* He always gives a graphic portrait of a loser who at a moment of crisis wins, for himself at least, his sense of dignity. Here, his loser is an adolescent boy in wartime Belfast and the crisis, which fills the long last section of the book, is the bombing of the city.

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CRITICS

WILLIAM BIRMINGHAM *is editor of Mentor-Omega Books.*

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There are some remarkably funny chapters early in the novel and the ending is both exciting and moving.

Folklore in America. Ed. by Tristram P. Coffin and Hennig Cohen. (Doubleday, $4.95) This collection—like all folklore collections—has its share of pointless tales, witless proverbs and foolish songs which make one doubt the good sense of the "folk," whoever they are. Although it may not sound like it, that sentence is a recommendation. Any book that attempts to suggest what folklore is about has to present the carefully collected duds alongside the genuinely funny and charming material—of which this collection fortunately has a large helping. The children's games, the riddles, the superstitions most interested me because I kept running up against my own childhood, clothed in unfamiliar ethnic disguises. The material is all reprinted from the *Journal of American Folklore.*

The Shamir of Dachau. By Christopher Davis. (New American Library, $4.50) Davis set out to write a thriller, a mystery novel set in contemporary Germany. Since I found myself reading eagerly to confirm my suspicions about who had done what to whom (guessed correctly), I assume that the book succeeds as a thriller. Anyone who knows Davis's fiction and who realizes that the characters include ex-Nazis, neo-Nazis and returned Jews will not be surprised to hear that the book is shot through with the sense of complicate motivation, the preoccupation with guilt that marks his serious work—*Belmarch,* for instance.

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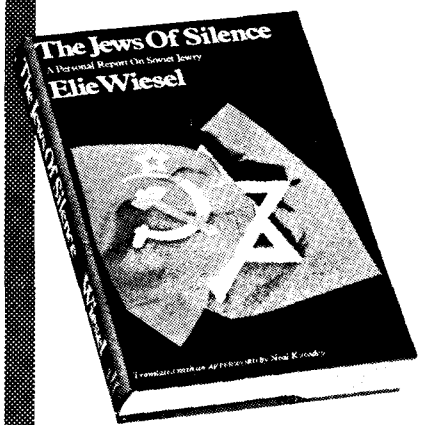

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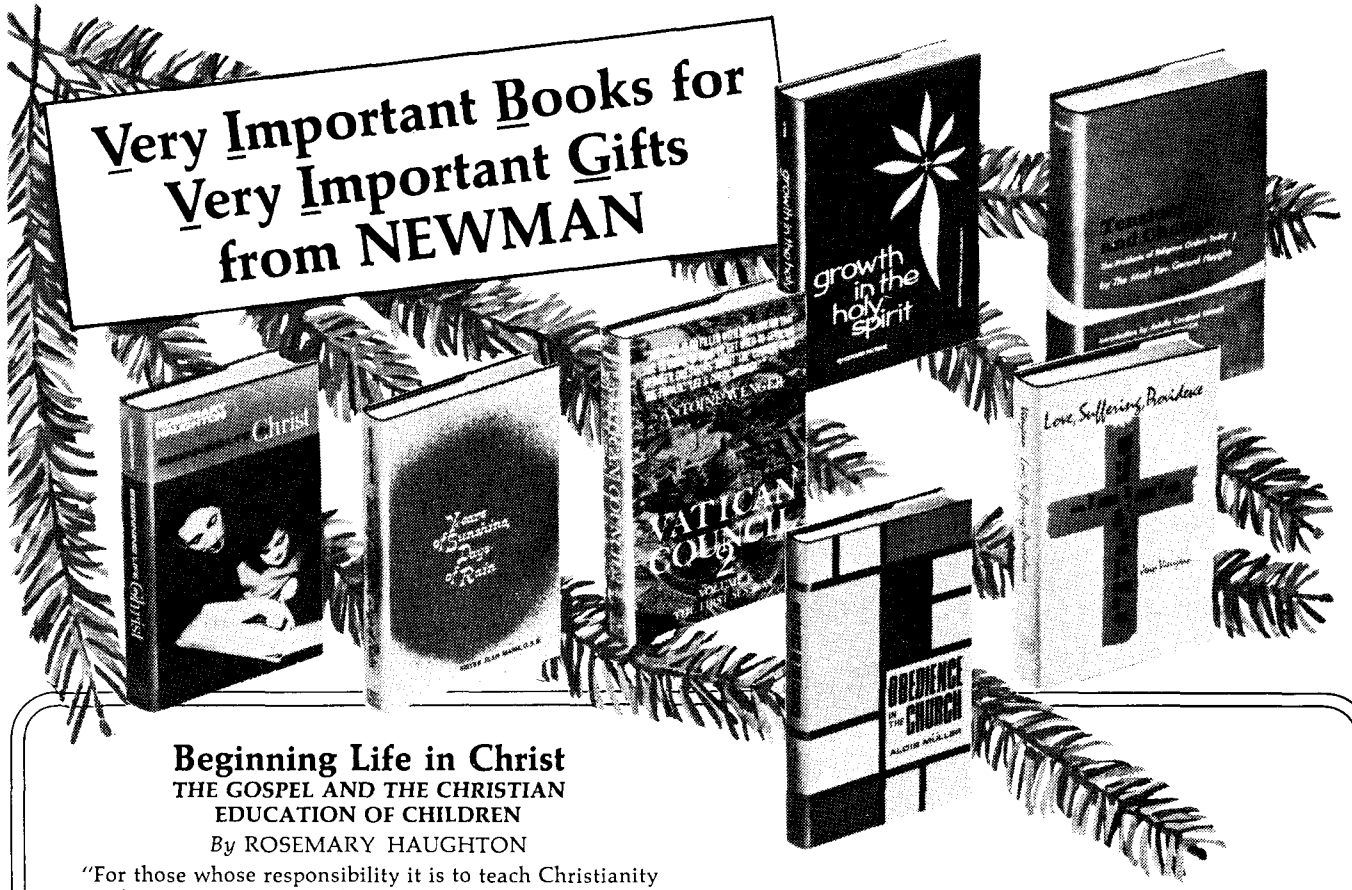

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